

published monthly since 1866

# he Fortnightly

FOUNDED IN 1865 BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

APRIL, 1951

CONTENTS

Illinois U<sup>MXII N.S.</sup> Library

INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

ITALY'S DIFFICULTIES

ANOTHER DOMINION IN AFRICA

COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE IN NEW ZEALAND

OTUMAH

URFORD MILL—A Poem

TENDENCIES IN ADULT EDUCATION

ENGLAND'S FUTURE OAK

MILY BRONTË—A Poem

MILY BRONTË : TWENTIETH CENTURY—A Poem

ORDEAUX WINE-HARVEST

SPECTS OF JAMES JOYCE

Correspondence—GIBRALTAR : THE SPANISH CASE

The Fortnightly Library :

DOSTOEVSKY AND THE SLAVIC IDEA

Other Contributors : R. P. Schwarz, J. T. Brockway, Walter James, John Halet,

S. Reed Brett, Henry Baerlein, Norman Nicholson, John Eales,

Grace Banyard.

WERNER LEVI

MARC T. GREENE

A. E. HAARER

GILBERT McALLISTER, M.P.

K. WESTCOTT JONES

GERALD BULLETT

W. R. NIBLETT

J. D. U. WARD

FRANCIS NEWBOLD

PHOEBE HESKETH

JOHN ARLOTT

AIDAN HIGGINS

R. D. CHARQUES

PRICE 3s. 6d. or

U.S.A. 55 CENTS

CANADA 60 CENTS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

42s. PER ANNUM or

U.S.A. \$6.50

CANADA \$7.00

ALL CLASSES  
OF INSURANCE ●  
TRANSACTED

**CAR & GENERAL**  
INSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED  
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



*A king among craftsmen —*

## The Cooper

The life of a beer barrel, punishing as it is, may well be ten, twenty or even thirty years. That is a measure of the cooper's mastery of oak and iron. His craft is as highly skilled as any in the land, and behind him are long years of apprenticeship.

**beer is best**

*Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1*



# THE FORTNIGHTLY

*Published Monthly by The Fortnightly Review, Ltd., at 4, 5 & 6, Soho Sq., London, W.1.*

APRIL, 1951

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY. BY WERNER LEVI ... ..	213
MALTA'S DIFFICULTIES. BY MARC T. GREENE ... ..	219
ANOTHER DOMINION IN AFRICA. BY A. E. HAARER ... ..	225
COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE IN NEW ZEALAND. BY GILBERT MCALLISTER, M.P.	231
ROTUMAH. BY K. WESTCOTT JONES ... ..	238
DURFORD MILL—A Poem. BY GERALD BULLETT ... ..	244
TENDENCIES IN ADULT EDUCATION. BY W. R. NIBLETT ... ..	245
ENGLAND'S FUTURE OAK. BY J. D. U. WARD ... ..	249

*With the freeing of European Trade comes the amazing*

## CONTEX

the Adding Machine which has swept the continent



Precision built

Adds up to  
£99,999 19s. 11½d.

Accurate

Portable

The machine with  
a thousand uses

Price £16/10/0

Full details from the distributors :-

**REPTON'S Ltd., Victoria Road, Ashford, Kent**

# CONTENTS—*contd.*

	PAGE
EMILY BRONTË— <i>A Poem.</i> BY FRANCIS NEWBOLD ... ..	254
EMILY BRONTË : TWENTIETH CENTURY— <i>A Poem.</i> BY PHOEBE HESKETH ...	255
BORDEAUX WINE-HARVEST. BY JOHN ARLOTT ... ..	256
ASPECTS OF JAMES JOYCE. BY AIDAN HIGGINS ... ..	264
<i>Correspondence</i> —GIBRALTAR : THE SPANISH CASE. THE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR	271

## THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY :

DOSTOEVSKY AND THE SLAVIC IDEA. BY R. D. CHARQUES ... ..	272
Other Contributors : <i>R. P. Schwarz, J. T. Brockway, Walter James, Canon John Halet, S. Reed Brett, Henry Baerlein, Norman Nicholson, John Eales, Grace Banyard.</i>	

- ¶ While the Editor is glad to consider articles offered for publication, he cannot undertake to return MSS. unless they are accompanied by a stamped envelope.
- ¶ The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of THE FORTNIGHTLY are at 4, 5 & 6, Soho Square, London, W.1.
- ¶ Entered as second-class matter, January 4, 1934, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1897 (Sec. 397 P.L. & R.).
- ¶ Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

## GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

UNITED KINGDOM CIVIL HISTORIES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

THIRD VOLUME

### COAL

By W. H. B. COURT, *Professor of Economic History, University of Birmingham.*  
The impact of the war on an industry upon which Britain's war economy depended to a high degree, the way in which those demands were met, and the effect on the industry. 21s. (21s. 10d.)

### DOCUMENTS ON GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY

1918-1945 : SERIES D. VOLUME III.

#### THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

The policy pursued by Germany during the Spanish Civil War is told through the medium of documents from the captured German archives. 25s. (26s.)

### LONDON TRAFFIC CONGESTION

A report on a long-standing problem which is yearly becoming more acute.

2s. (2s. 2d.)

*Prices in brackets include postage*

### HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2 ; 429 Oxford Street, London W.1. (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London S.E.1.); 13A Castle Street, Edinburgh 2 ; 39 King Street, Manchester 2 ; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3 ; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol 1 ; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast ;  
or through any bookseller.



# THE FORTNIGHTLY

---

APRIL, 1951

---

## INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

BY WERNER LEVI

**L**AST January the Indian Parliament debated foreign policy. It was a heated debate and innumerable proposals for an Indian foreign policy were made. M. R. Masani, at one extreme, advocated the closest possible co-operation with the west. Brajeshwar Prasad, at the other extreme, suggested a Moscow-Peking-Delhi axis. Wandering in between, as Pandit Nehru expressed it, were all the others advertising their particular schemes: a stronger United Nations, a federal world government, a third force, a series of non-aggression pacts, an Indian-Japanese-Indonesian union, a better British Commonwealth, withdrawal from the British Commonwealth. The great variety of plans indicated the indecision and doubt at present prevailing in India and the split personality of many Indian leaders between westernization and the Asia for the Asians complex. Underlying all suggestions was a strong sense of urgency for India to have a more positive policy. In the end, no one suggestion received enough support to be accepted. The Government's foreign policy was approved without a dissenting vote.

On a world-wide scale, this policy is well known as "active neutrality". It arises in part from the great need of peace to concentrate upon internal problems and in part from a deep sense of security which characterized Indian thinking on world affairs until recently and which obviated the need to take sides. It has incidental advantages as well. India, unattached to any group, retains greater freedom of action to play its leadership rôle in Asia, and the Government can avoid antagonizing any one faction too much—a vital consideration at a time when strong opposition is arising inside and outside of Congress. As a result of these sentiments and considerations behind Indian foreign policy, Pandit Nehru has hitherto had a free hand in this area. The preoccupation of Indian leaders and politicians was definitely not with foreign policy; it was considered too inconsequential.

In the region surrounding India, foreign policy has been neither neutral nor easily compatible with the high moral principles Pandit Nehru insists on seeing applied on the world scene. Here, he is neither the "dreamer" nor the "idealist" but very much the realist who knows that in a sovereign nation-State system national survival is



the primary aim of foreign policy. "I am on my side and nobody else's" he said during the recent debate. On several occasions he acted accordingly. Hyderabad was forced into the Union. The Kashmir question is turning largely around strategic considerations. Afghanistan is wooed as a lever against Pakistan and a buffer against Russia. The issues in Nepal are handled in New Delhi not primarily from an ideological or moral but from an inevitably selfish national Indian standpoint. Pandit Nehru frankly justified his Government's constant interference in the internal affairs of Nepal by stating that "much as we appreciate the independence of Nepal, we cannot risk our own security by any happenings in Nepal which permit that barrier being crossed or which otherwise weaken our frontiers." India's Korea policy, like that of any other nation, is based on the same fundamental principles.

The Korean affair and even more so Chinese action in Tibet have given India's sense of security a very severe shock. They have also changed the generally rather benevolent attitude toward developments in Communist China. The Government continues to affirm its faith in the almost absolute security of the country. But its policies toward neighbouring countries seem to belie its confessions, thus in fact reflecting the concern now felt among a large section of the public about the possibility of Communist (Russian or Chinese) aggression. All discussions of foreign policy now have an undertone of fear. The two points most frequently mentioned are the reports of Russian airfields in Tibet 300 miles north-east of Delhi, and Lenin's statement that Communism's road to Paris leads through Peking, Shanghai and Calcutta.

The immediate result of the Far Eastern events has been to precipitate a general debate on foreign policy and to rob Pandit Nehru of his quasi-monopoly on foreign affairs. A number of officials quickly assumed the right to make pronouncements which were clearly their own, since they often deviated from his fundamental line. In particular, the late Patel and Congress President Tandon favoured close ties with the western powers. The situation became so confusing that in desperation the *Times of India* stated that "it almost looks as if every Minister and Congress bigwig regards foreign affairs as his special field." The variety of opinions in high places is a replica of the debate among the public in general. Though a policy of neutrality is widely accepted for its convenience, most Indians feel that the happy days of neutrality or, as some call it, fence sitting, are counted. And the search for an alternative has begun.

The Socialists, weak but enthusiastic and engaged in building a mass party—the only one of nation-wide significance outside the Congress—advocate a third force of the free Asian nations. This, they argue, would give a policy of neutrality the necessary strength.



Furthermore, since in such a Union Hindus and Muslims would be about evenly matched many problems arising from communalism would be solved at the same time. They oppose Indian participation in a war between the western powers and Russia because they fear a victory of American capitalism about as much as one of Russian Communism and see no need for an Indian choice between these two evils. The Government is making no attempt to create such a Union. The Socialist viewpoint may become more influential if the Socialist Party can obtain the hoped-for 15 per cent. of the vote in the forthcoming elections.

There are the Conservatives, mostly represented by business interests, but augmented in influence by a sprinkling of anti-Communist liberals, who favour close co-operation with the west. They fear Communist expansion into India. They point out that India never received anything but propaganda from Russia, whereas the west has the kind of help India will need for its own development. They criticize a neutrality policy as unrealistic, because India cannot enforce it in case of aggression. They would like to see India's alignment with allies now, if only as an insurance for an emergency.

There are the Communists. Their attitude is the obvious one of close co-operation with the Soviet Union. Their following is small ; an interesting phenomenon in view of the generally made assumption that poverty is the best breeding ground for Communism. The explanation of the Indian exception is essentially a local one.

First, the Communist Party had been forbidden until 1942, and is illegal still in some States. Even where it is legal, many of its leaders and adherents are imprisoned. Pandit Nehru seems to evaluate his own Communists differently from those in other countries. Secondly, the party had difficulties in its leadership. Until very recently it was not the strictly disciplined body it usually is elsewhere, either internally or as far as control from Moscow was concerned. For the party branded Mao Tse-tung a deviationist until it was set right by Moscow and published one of the most abject "self-criticisms". The explanation of this situation can probably be found in the Indian habit of considering a political party as the vehicle of an individual rather than as an institution *per se*. Thirdly, the appeal of the supposedly revolutionary dynamism of Communism to Asian peoples was ineffective in India which had its own national, revolutionary movement. Finally, Communists have had a bad reputation in India from the days of the struggle for freedom.

For in 1942 India was asked by Great Britain to support the war effort. The Congress decided to agree if India were permitted to do so as a free nation. Since this was not granted, the Congress refused India's war support and the leaders went to prison. But to the Communists of the world the war by that time had become a great



patriotic struggle against imperialism. The Indian party offered its support to Great Britain and became legal. But in the eyes of the Indian masses, the party betrayed the cause of freedom and lost its prestige. Now the Communists have no prison record for the sake of India's freedom and this is still the strongest appeal to the Indian masses. (The Socialists stress their martyrdom rather than their land reform programme to get the hearing of the peasants.) The Communist campaign among the peasants has generally been unsuccessful so far, except in spots for local reasons. Its advocacy of an alignment with the Soviet Union is almost universally rejected.

This does not mean, however, complete rejection of all Communist arguments. Some aspects of a Communist-sponsored foreign policy, especially its negative part of criticism of American policy, find an echo among many Indians. In India, Russia and Communism are not necessarily considered identical, or, more specifically, sympathy for Russia does not always imply sympathy for Communism. There can be little doubt that Russia has been an inspiration to many Indians. The Russian economic experiment and Russia's rise to the status of a world power within one generation has a tremendous fascination, particularly for the younger Indians. They are convinced that their nation can emulate the Russian example—with Indianized means—whereas the American experience seems to them so far removed from anything India can hope to achieve that it cannot serve as a precedent. Furthermore, the psychological effect of Russia, an Asian nation, making the western world tremble, cannot fail to influence foreign policy decisions.

The totalitarian features of the Russian régime are distinctly disliked by most Indians. Among the educated class the belief prevails that these features need not be introduced in India. Besides, this class is already possessed by a certain *élite* concept which makes it more immune against the idea of a gulf between the rulers and the ruled than would be the case among those used to the democratic idea of equality. Among the masses, the totalitarian features of the Russian system may be unknown or the overwhelming economic problems of daily living may reduce their significance.

American motives are under suspicion because of the support given to governments with no standing in Asia. Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee and Bao Dai are symbols of reaction to the Asians and assistance to them is taken as a sign that the United States wishes to hamper social progress in Asia. American emphasis on capitalism and persistent stories that American help is not forthcoming for fear that India may become Socialist reinforce such suspicions. This American policy is often regretted as making very difficult the political position of those who should like to work more closely with the west. Asian



statesmen hesitate to risk their standing by too close co-operation with a government which supports such despised régimes.

There are two psychological factors which agitate against the United States in India. One is jealousy of America's great wealth which every now and then breaks through in discussions. If America is using its wealth wisely, that is, in Indian eyes, if America is willing to help with food and other goods, this factor can be overcome easily. The other is the hatred with which each white soldier is considered in Asia ; an emotion which too often leads to an overlooking of the reasons for his presence. Yet, this feeling permeates all thinking on foreign policy. Its effects can even be felt when a western nation merely criticizes an Asian one. India may be ready to criticize another fellow-Asian power but is reluctant to grant that right to a western nation. The sentiment of Asian solidarity is strong, even in the absence of any formalized organization to give it expression, and it counteracts the result of westernization of many Indian leaders.

In the balance it would appear that Russia is regarded more favourably than the United States. This was probably true until last autumn. Then a distinct shift took place, caused by the aggressive action of Communists in Korea and Tibet. Grumbling about American foreign policy was outdone by complaints about Russian and Chinese actions. Public opinion became much more critical of Russia and Asian Communists than would appear from Pandit Nehru's official stand. Newspapers and members of Congress censured Russia where before they had been neutral or even sympathetic. American policy continued to be criticized, but Russian and Chinese policy was found to be worse and, above all, more immediately dangerous to India. And that is the essential point.

American policy can hardly take credit for this shift. On the contrary, it could be blamed for not taking better advantage of it. Essentially, it is the actions of Russia and China which are forcing India into the western camp.

India's attitude toward China is one of mixed emotions. Generally there is rejoicing over the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek and futile debate over the question of whether or not Mao will become a "Tito". Opinion on this point is divided, and nobody has facts wherewith to substantiate his opinions. There is also a certain envy among some Indian leaders of the fact that there is action in China. They are greatly worried over the rapid petering out of India's revolutionary impetus. They are impatient with the apathy and inaction of their own people. In an attempt to stir up his followers, Pandit Nehru told the All India Congress Committee in January: "The Government helps, but the whole population has to function. That is how China is functioning and how China has got over some far greater difficulties than we have here."



On the other hand, this very development in China is causing some apprehension in India. Rivalry for leadership in Asia has been acute, though under cover, ever since the end of the war. In spite of denials, India is attempting to speak for Asia and Pandit Nehru has seen to it, especially at the various Asian conferences, that he retained the initiative. This was relatively easy as long as the unpopular Chiang Kai-shek had power. But Communist China offers more aggressive and more competent competition.

Most Indians do not cherish the idea of a strong, militaristic China along their borders. There is no unanimous support of Nehru's endeavour to interpret—publicly at least—China's action in Korea, Tibet, and Indo-China on harmless grounds of nationalism, fear, or defence. On the contrary, if newspapers and members of Parliament are expressing public opinion, these activities are viewed with considerable anxiety. When the New China News Agency called Pandit Nehru the running dog of American and British imperialism, a considerable section of Indian public opinion began to feel that Communist China was something now to be feared.

The best indication of the new mood is the constant discussion of India's security. In the north-east, the Himalayas used to be considered an insurmountable barrier. Now when this idea is expressed, it is discarded as inadmissible Maginot Line mentality. There is demand for an Indian army strong enough to repel an aggressor who may come across the mountains. The Government's announcement that the army would be reduced by 50,000 men was therefore not altogether received with enthusiasm.

The north-west frontier is almost considered a wide-open door into India. Serious concern about India's vulnerability there is the key to much of India's policy in that area, though these motives are not publicized. Many Indians readily admit that the one overriding consideration in India's claim to Kashmir is strategy. Kashmir in Pakistan's hands is considered unsafe, while India is presumed to be able to use it for defence against an attack. The Indian attempt to establish close ties with Afghanistan is also determined by similar thoughts.

In spite of all the talk in India about American imperialism in Asia, there can be no doubt that Russia's and China's recent actions have provoked fears of aggression in India. The attempts of a number of Indians to explain away any undue effects upon India of these actions or to justify them have not prevented a noticeable swing of Indian sympathy toward the west which cannot fail to affect Indian foreign policy.

*(The author, Lecturer in Political Science at the University of Minnesota, has recently returned from India.)*



## MALTA'S DIFFICULTIES

BY MARC T. GREENE

**M**ALTA at present enjoys a measure of constitutional government that gives the people of the island an autonomy somewhere between crown-colonial and dominion status, rather nearer to the latter. This was granted since the end of the war and it cannot be said to be functioning either with efficiency or primary consideration for the welfare of the over 300,000 inhabitants. Political stability is far from being achieved, economic conditions are so bad as to threaten chaos, with the usual social repercussions in such circumstances.

Long-sustained agitation, which first took tangible form during the premiership of the late Lord Strickland, and a very proper disposition to recognize the valour and fortitude of the islanders during the war brought Malta this political reward from the British Government. The award of the George Cross in 1943 was, of course, another token of recognition. But constitutional government has developed into an inter-party squabble in which no less than four groups—and one of those sharply divided into two “wings”—debate and bicker and electioneer, both in and out of Parliament, for political ascendancy, with the result that the economic welfare of the Maltese people, which ought to be the primary consideration of everybody, is so little regarded that the condition of the people generally is woeful, little if any better than that of the impoverished masses of near-by Italy.

Malta is, as a matter of fact, very much over-populated. Its entire area is less than 95 square miles and agricultural productivity—upon which the Maltese, like any peasant populace, mainly depend—is achieved only out of hard and persistent industry. The island is virtually solid rock, calcareous limestone, and the soil surface thin. In pre-historic times that which is to-day on the uplands and the sloping hillsides was transported there from the lowlands and the valleys by the inhabitants, and many of the terraces which support productive soil date from that era.

Under such conditions, considering the difficulties of production, the little island cannot possibly be economically self-sufficient for as many people as now inhabit it. Recognizing this, the present and preceding Governments have encouraged emigration. Thousands are in Canada and more are going, but owing largely to the severity

of the climate, this has not turned out as well as was hoped. More favourable reports come from Australia whither a large number of Maltese have gone since the war. The largest colony, of course, is in the United States, of which the principal unit is in Detroit, Michigan, the automobile city, where some 15,000 Maltese are mostly employed in the Ford and other great works, and at the customary substantial American wage. There are more than 500 applications monthly at the American Consulate for the 200 permissions granted under the quota-system. The Consulate, which otherwise would have little reason for existence here—it was, in fact, closed between 1940 and a year ago—employs six clerks to deal with the applications. However, thousands must remain in the land of their birth, many indeed out of choice ; the Maltese have a deep affection for their little island and some of them trace their ancestry to Crusader times, or even earlier. Moreover, their long struggle for political autonomy and large measure of final success has naturally tended to strengthen the home ties.

The four political parties are the National, the Constitutional, the Independent, and the Labour which is divided into two bitterly-controversial wings. The leader of the Constitutional Party is Miss Mabel Strickland, daughter of the long-time Prime Minister and later Governor-General. She owns the one newspaper, the *Times of Malta*, and takes a prominent part in Parliamentary procedure.

The Maltese Parliament sits in the famous Tapestry Room of the old palace of the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the Order which long ruled Malta. The palace is one of the finest medieval buildings in Europe and the tapestries are among the most important of art treasures of their kind ; those in the cathedral are even finer. The grand master's palace, the palace of the knights, and the cathedral all escaped serious damage during the war. But the dignity and the long and vivid historic background of the environment in which they meet seem to the visitor at a Parliamentary session to exert surprisingly little influence upon the manner of procedure. This often develops into a childish squabble in which half the members are talking at once, shouting sometimes, and not without a variety of personal recrimination.

As I write the minority National Party is in power, but three times since it succeeded Labour it has lost on votes of confidence that would have resulted in the resignation of any incumbent party anywhere else, or in the calling of a general election. After the third no-confidence defeat Parliament was adjourned *sine die*. That was the position at the end of February, but the clamour for the Party's resignation and the establishment of a Coalition Government to try and face the growing economic crisis is becoming too loud to be unheeded much longer.



The split in the Maltese Labour Party, normally the strongest, was due partly to the bitterness over personalities which is a vital factor in island politics, but rather more to the difference of opinion over the virtual "ultimatum" that the Labour delegation to London not long ago delivered to the British Government. This was to the effect that if more help were not forthcoming Malta might have to turn to "other powers". The somewhat cryptic wording was interpreted variously, by some as being markedly radical. As a matter of fact, Mr. Dom Mintoff, leader of the "left" branch of the divided Labour Party, who is a Rhodes Scholar and a young man of intelligence but exceedingly doctrinaire, is often accused by the extremely conservative Maltese element—especially the retired British civil servants who compose most of the membership of the Union Club—as a "red". However this may be, more than half the original Labour Party, headed by a prominent Maltese physician, Dr. Paul Boffa, "seceded" after the London incident and have generally sided with the minority National Government in Parliament.

The British Government has so far given Malta something over £30,000,000 in war aid grants, and these grants are supposed to continue for another two years. However, the National leaders insist that all this will cover less than one-third of what is required, the amount required being, of course, their own estimate. They hold, too, that Marshall Plan aid has been limited to the construction of a hydro-electric plant, much needed, admittedly, but unlikely to advance the very low—and constantly worsening—standard of living of the islanders.

The Maltese being about 99 per cent. Catholic, their birth-rate is one of the highest in Europe. This poses at once the problem of the milk supply, one of the most acute of all the island's problems. There are few cows on Malta and not much grazing, so that most of the milk is tinned and imported. Much dissatisfaction prevails over the manner of its distribution. Long queues wait to secure a few tins and there is lamentable reason for supposing that no little "graft" enters into it all.

The children of Malta remind us of Italy's in their appearance of under-nutrition. So, for the matter of that, do many adults. There simply is not enough of most things to go round and instead of addressing itself primarily to the gravity of the economic position the National and Labour groups squabble and jockey for preferment, berate each other, and indulge in doctrinaire dialectics. The other parties, the Constitutional and Independent, are small in membership, have only two or three representatives in Parliament, and so can do little but criticize, however constructive that criticism may be.

The most forward-looking group in the island is probably the Chamber of Commerce and there is little love lost between it and the

Government, inasmuch as it is constantly urging an end to political bickering and attention to Malta's problems. It advocates, among other things, an easing of the high income tax, the suppression of certain imports deemed neither necessary nor even desirable to the community, an increase in the importation of tinned milk and re-organization of its distribution, and, above all, the end of various controls that, in the general view of the business men of the island, so shackle commerce generally as to be largely responsible for the present precarious condition of Malta's economy.

The British financial expert, Sir George Schuster, was recently brought out to report upon these conditions and to make recommendations. His full report has not, at this writing, been made public, but an interim report briefly summarizing his conclusions very largely supports the position of the Chamber of Commerce. Sir George came at the instance of the Government preceding the National, and his investigations and reports, as well as the fact of his having been summoned at all, are among the points of issue between the present Government and the previous.

The unfavourable trade balance, the failure to inaugurate any measures to alter it, and the generally ineffective manner of dealing with the economic crisis may, in the opinion of some islanders, raise the whole question of Malta's entitlement to its present large measure of autonomy. Leaders of the able type of the late Lord Strickland are entirely lacking, and the Maltese aristocracy, the "nobility" who possess titles and lands deriving from Crusading times, appear to take little interest in politics, or even in the serious economic position. Enjoying large incomes, they live expansively, many in the picturesque Old City, one of the medieval gems of Europe, where St. Paul is said to have converted the Roman Governor and consecrated him first Bishop of Malta, and keep more or less aloof from the common life of the island and its problems.

Referring to the test of self-government that present conditions are imposing, Miss Strickland's newspaper, the *Times of Malta*, lately said editorially: "Without vision the Maltese people's expectation of security, and stability in the management of their own affairs, cannot be fulfilled nor justified." As things are now, neither is the ideal of autonomy "fulfilled nor justified."

Malta is an island of many charms and points of visitor-tourist interest, some of them, like the neolithic and megalithic remains, unique. Yet little attempt is being made or ever has been made to develop what might be a definitely profitable "industry". Until the recent erection, at the instance of the late Lady Strickland, of the *Phoenecia* on the edge of Valletta Malta, there was no first-class hotel. Nor are there in the entire island good restaurants or tea-rooms. There are, on the other hand, bars about two to a block in



every town, most of them tawdry, dirty and repellent, patronized, and profitably to them, mainly by naval ratings. The island transport system is run in such a way that the wages are hardly attractive to adults. All sorts of protests are made about this, but the Government is not concerned with such details. The service generally is probably as bad as anything that can be found in Europe and it debars visitors who are not disposed to pay the expensive taxicab fares from getting to beauty-spots like St. Paul's Bay and the Old City, or points of interest like the pre-historic remains seven or eight miles from the island capital.

There are next to no indigenous industries in Malta. The most important is perhaps lace-making, the Maltese hand-embroidery rivalling St. Gallen's and Bruges's in delicacy and beauty. About all that does support the island economy now is the naval establishment and reconstruction. In the latter British civilian personnel is paid more than twice as much as Maltese, and that is a point of local resentment on which, in one thing at least, both Labour and National Parties are agreed. Reconstruction is employing hundreds of Maltese though the wage is low, entirely inadequate for present and ever-rising living costs. Much new building is being done in areas shattered during what the islanders call the Third Great Siege. Building material is cheap because it derives from the foundations of the island itself, and very little wood is used. The calcareous limestone is soft and easily worked but hardens upon exposure, as evidenced by the comparatively slight weathering of many of the older structures, such as churches.

Reconstruction has, of course, been financed mostly out of the British war damage grants, and after these have ceased new building is likely to be negligible, thus creating an unemployment problem which at present does not exist. To this problem and others emigration, even on an increased scale, is only a partial solution because of the high birth-rate. Child welfare generally, even apart from under-nutrition, is a matter engaging the close attention of the various humanitarian agencies in Malta.

The Maltese people themselves have made a long and unrelenting struggle for self-government and their entitlement to it in principle is sufficiently attested by the sympathy and support the late Lord Strickland gave it. In fact, the present constitutional government is the direct outcome of that sympathy and support. But in the day of his premiership there was not lacking equally competent leadership, such, for example, as that of the Bartelo brothers, and other representatives of old and respected Maltese families. To-day constructive, self-abnegating leadership is very much wanting and its lack is one of the reasons for the lamentable state into which the affairs of Malta, especially economically, have fallen.

It is not only lamentable, but it is a good deal less than the deserts of a little group of people who, not only on their behalf but even more on behalf of the British Empire, endured much with a fortitude rarely paralleled in history. In fact, one might apply to them Mr. Churchill's commendation of the Royal Air Force. On two occasions, as one of the island officials told this writer, they felt that the end had come and that they must raise the white flag of surrender, inasmuch as all were at the starvation point. But Lord Gort, the valiant Commander-in-Chief, called them together and said that he, personally, was prepared to die rather than to surrender. This was after they had seen, almost within range of vision from the island itself, two transports only escape out of a convoy of 15. And when these succeeded in making the Grand Harbour they, too, fell victims to German 'planes before being able to land their food cargo. It was at this point that many thought the end had come. But Lord Gort's words were a battle-cry to a people themselves full of courage. And then, presently, two ships out of another convoy of 17 did get through and land their food supplies which eased the position enough to enable Malta to carry on, as all the world knows. But by that time more than 100,000 Maltese and British soldiers and civilians had lost their lives on the island.

How exactly to face up to the various problems that constitute Malta's present difficulties along so many different lines is not easy to say. Certainly the recommendations of the Chamber of Commerce, most of which will doubtless be elaborated upon in Sir George Schuster's report, ought to be considered very seriously by whatever government is in control in the island at the time. Certainly, more efforts should be made to induce a tourist traffic. Malta is, of course, in the sterling area and it is very surprising to find so few English visitors there during the mild winter. Emigration should be increased and the Dominions should be urged to offer special inducements to the Maltese, who are an industrious, law-abiding and useful people in any country in which they settle. Government aid should be given such local industries as exist and efforts made to develop others. Prosperity cannot be expected as long as the present very unfavourable trade balance remains. But, above all, political bickering and propagandizing, and political jockeying for position and preferment by both parties and individuals, at the expense of the fundamental welfare of the people should, and must, be abandoned.

*(The author has just returned from the Island of Malta.)*



## ANOTHER DOMINION IN AFRICA

BY A. E. HAARER

THE amalgamation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland is being urged with ever growing insistence, and arguments in favour of this are gaining ground now that the present British Government has proclaimed that there must be equal rights for all resident nationals in place of the paramountcy of African native rights which had been the stated policy in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia.

Further north, in Kenya, the paramountcy of native rights was rendered moribund long ago by the widening influences of European commercial and farming interests in a country that was always a colony. Here, too, there are those who agitate for the ultimate absorption of Uganda and Tanganyika territory.

Only repeated promises made to the African peoples pre-war, and the original agreements with the native rulers, stand in the way of a faster approach to the inevitable—the amalgamation of the three eastern territories on the one hand, and the three central territories on the other as the next step towards the joining of all six into a new British Dominion. How long this would last before a closer union with South Africa was mooted is an interesting speculation. The fact that the native peoples of Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Uganda and Tanganyika are strongly opposed to these amalgamations carries little weight in the minds of those who feel impelled to strengthen these territories into a unified country.

There are, of course, financial considerations to remember. Both Kenya and Southern Rhodesia are the two countries in East and Central Africa which find it difficult to balance their budgets, and they stand to gain by amalgamation with the other African countries. Uganda is a rich country because of the cess levied on the production of cotton and coffee, mostly grown by the Africans themselves. Ever since the country became a British Protectorate it has been administered with the aim that it should eventually be governed by the Africans themselves. The few whites who have been permitted to own land, and the commercial interests as well, have all been taught to expect the same end. Not so Kenya, where the unofficial Europeans will always want a closer union, and who will never be satisfied until they have captured the goose which has hitherto laid the golden eggs for their railway and chief port.

What of Uganda itself? The African peoples still believe in the destiny promised them by the British Government. They watch the building of the new Owen Falls dam with awe, not realizing the increased commercialism such potential power supplies will surely bring, commercialism that will add its quota of agitation in time to come for that amalgamation of interests with neighbouring territories. Meanwhile the educated Africans already distrust their Kenya neighbour, and fiercely contend any infringement of their rights.

Those in Tanganyika are voiceless in comparison, because for many years they were suppressed by their German overlords, who deposed their hereditary chiefs and arranged boundaries that cleft the races into sections administered from different centres. In place of the hereditary chiefs, headmen of foreign tribes were installed as intermediaries with all the graft that this entailed. In those days the threat of the rhinoceros-hide whip was a constant reality.

The mandate to govern for the people themselves, which was faithfully carried out by the local British Government, prevented the amalgamation of Tanganyika Territory and Kenya Colony after the 1914-1918 war. It was not easy to attract the investment of British capital during that period, nor has it been easy during the régime of trusteeship, because of the insecurity involved. At one time during the mandate period politicians in London seriously considered handing back the country to Germany!

At first, many of the people were pro-German for several reasons; the influence of German missionaries, the admiration of the weak for the strong, and in the beginning the misunderstanding of British law by which evil-doers were free men because of some legal quibble regarding their guilt. Later, the people grew strongly pro-British, and were then within an ace of finding themselves subject again to German rule. If their opinions and feelings mattered so little then they may not matter when some real or fancied excuse for amalgamation is put forward in future.

It would not have seemed possible for a Labour Government to have abrogated the rights of the peoples, and substituted equal rights for all nationals when the alien minorities were, in fact, so small in comparison with the millions of native peoples unaware of political conflicts passing over their heads and who, to tell the truth, are incapable of being interested. The educated Africans who might be interested are mostly near to government, and holding posts and salaries that they would not care to lose. They are now being guided towards the new order of things, or pretend to believe that their best future lies in partnership with the whites and Indians who now live in their midst.

Of course, the new attitude to native rights has given strength to those who have agitated all along for the amalgamation of these



territories. For it can be said that the Africans will themselves benefit in years to come by the gradual merging of all the small tribes and races into a national unity. It has given the extremists among the whites the opportunity to claim white leadership, but to the extremists among the Africans it has given real cause to agitate for increased representation on local government councils.

Away to the south the peoples of Nyasaland have been living quiet lives untrammelled by political affairs until recently. They would rather progress slowly under a wise government towards their ultimate emancipation, so they have answered a determined negative to the offer of amalgamation with the Rhodesias. Some say that a slow development is wise ; that primitive peoples cannot leap to a standard of civilization that has taken Europe and the west centuries to attain ; others say that peoples will be submerged if they lag behind. Willy nilly, Nyasaland must awake. Colonial welfare grants and overseas development schemes will quicken the pace, as it will also in Northern Rhodesia.

The Africans of all the races in the six territories who can read foreign news have had their fears aroused by the introduction of *Apartheid* in the neighbouring Union of South Africa. Since their paramount rights have been taken away, how can they believe that the present régime of equality will not develop into segregation and subjugation in time to come ? For this reason there is an urgent desire for education, and many of those who succeed in reaching a college standard wish to study law.

These fears provide a fertile field for a pseudo-Communism, a readiness to grasp at anything which may hinder the aims at closer union while the people run a race with time to educate themselves sufficiently to contend with the forces which they are convinced are arraigned against their interests. Some still waver knowing that the British relinquished the administration of India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon. They know what is happening on the Gold Coast, and they turn to the official administrators of East and Central Africa, hoping that these will successfully resist the clamour of those non-official Europeans who are eager to take the lead.

With self government almost attained by the Africans on the west coast, and with colonies, protectorates, and trusteeships all pulling different ways, there is hotch-potch and muddle in Africa. The weakness of the Africans is that they are split into so many tribes with different languages and customs and all the old enmities still dormant. If only they could combine their interests they would have a stronger voice and gain a sovereign nationality. This is the very bait held out to them to woo them into agreement with amalgamation, but the tribes are often separated by vast distances, they vary in the degree of their advancement, they are too conservative and there is

that great reservoir of illiteracy which nothing at present can empty.

The hotch-potch of local governments and aims has been caused by a lack of foresight in the past, when the British became committed, often reluctantly, to the government of these countries one by one. Had Britain indeed been intent on empire-building, she would have taken them wholesale and knitted them into one régime.

The policy in the beginning might have been one of two extremes. All these countries might have been reserved completely for the Africans, with the obvious result that all false boundaries would have disappeared and a vast African-ruled Dominion grown into being. To have accomplished this it would have taken more money than the British taxpayer could have afforded, and exhibited an altruism lacking in any nation of the world in those days, and in many even to-day. The second extreme would have been the ruthless annexation of these countries, and their exploitation on the lines of the German occupation of German East Africa, in which case the boundaries would also have disappeared and the black races become nothing more than slaves. This was against the innate humaneness of the British race as a whole.

Instead a middle course was adopted and the cloth of beneficence cut in accordance with what the insular British taxpayer would pay. Trade and commerce had to start, and exports be won to pay for the medical, educational and other services for peoples who still lived in the darkness of primeval life. Things being what they were, the British have a fine record to boast about, but it was inevitable in such circumstances that thousands of people should be allowed to immigrate to Africa from India and provide one of the great problems of to-day. It was inevitable too that traders and settlers should enter these countries and accumulate a considerable voice in their affairs.

To straighten things out it would be necessary to halt that pulling away of one country from another by reason of the different kinds of government. If Uganda or Nyasaland had complete African self-government then the millions of indigenous Africans in Kenya and Southern Rhodesia would be for ever jealous and dissatisfied. On the other hand it would not be possible to jettison all the commercial interests of the white settlers and the Indian communities in Kenya, Southern Rhodesia and elsewhere, by guiding the natives into power. The middle course is again the only one possible.

The first necessity is to create a datum line from which a clearer vision of future progress can be obtained and this the Government has done by abrogating the paramountcy of the African and by substituting equal rights for everyone, albeit this has meant a considerable reversal of policy. From now onwards it is only necessary for the Government to guide the ship of progress to its inevitable destination, allowing events and the arguments of local men to shape



its course until it reaches port—that racial partnership in a new Dominion.

One can be ashamed of broken promises, but at least one can hold up one's head when a wider conception is in view. An aim that avoids the dreadful jealousies and strife that must occur if divergent policies continued will overcome more difficulties than it will create. Not that new aims are crystallized or admitted as yet by any government or statesman, but the trend is obvious for any student of affairs to understand. It is significant that neither the Opposition in the House of Commons nor the Church raised an outcry against the new policy of equality. It was stated and put into effect with hardly a murmur from the press, and the African chiefs have appeared to accept it as though it were their duty to do so.

While the present conflicting and unbalanced state of native policy in Central Africa and in East Africa continues—because Uganda and Nyasaland are still reserved mainly for African progress alone, and Tanganyika is still held in trust on their behalf—what is being attempted in Southern Rhodesia should be considered. As the *New Commonwealth* has stated: "At first sight and to the prejudiced eye, it may seem little more than a modified version of the segregation or *Apartheid* policy of the Union of South Africa." It is different because it seeks to give both white and black equal opportunity to progress, and the policy in no way implies that the African is an inferior race.

The Southern Rhodesian franchise is subject to a standard of literacy, property, and income which it is possible for an African to attain. There is a good deal of common sense in this, for one might as well give the vote to our own children in a kindergarten school as to millions of illiterate Africans. Yet the Africans may win votes, and it is proper to assume that the education of the millions will march with the slower pace of immigration, so that in years to come there will be as many black men entitled to the vote as there are white.

Amidst such a welter of cross-purposes and aims in these African countries there will be many bitter controversies and a great deal of misunderstanding in the future. These, however, will be but teething troubles during the building up of another Dominion in the Commonwealth, a concomity of young nations which has already proved itself tolerant and plastic enough to allow black, yellow and white men to live together in harmony and understanding when at last literacy has been attained, provided there is no evil outside influence, such as the Communism which uses hunger and poverty to breed unrest.

There is extreme poverty in Africa to-day, unheard of because there has never been anything else and because the people are voiceless and uncomplaining. How else would one describe a family unclothed,

illiterate, with a monotony of porridge and beans as their daily diet ? Their full enjoyment of the joys of civilization, which some of us are prone to deprecate, is only possible if the country is industrialized and developed, providing higher wage-earning opportunities to those who cannot be allowed to remain living like animals. The extent and pace of development depends on the unification of resources and aims.

If the local politicians were wise they would woo the Africans and not antagonize them, and, in fact, do everything possible now to prove that the equality of races is, indeed, their honest endeavour. Like those old enmities and suspicions which the native races still feel to each other, the Europeans have suspicions and fears of the aims of government. They fear the results of experiments in African administration in other colonies, and hate to imagine a future under native rule. They have laboured and sunk their capital in these countries of their adoption, and believe that security of tenure depends on a constant fight for white leadership, which only hardens the African determination to have nothing to do with their plans. They would be wiser if they built up advantages for the Africans in their own spheres, which would be the envy of those other countries with which they wanted to amalgamate. A voluntary integration would be a thousand-fold better than the use of coercion.

Coercion will not prosper the closer union of races and territories. Moreover, the hint of coercion angers anyone who calls himself a Christian or a democrat and if it were not for this coercive policy many more would do their best to persuade the African people how greatly it would be in their own interests to become a nation rather than a heterogeneity of scattered tribes.

The inevitability of close union is there ; it is merely the method of attainment that is questioned—whether it should come with the spontaneous approval of every race, or gradually and voluntarily, or whether it should be forced upon the vast majority, that voiceless mass of the indigenous people, against their wish and inclination. The first is no doubt impossible, the second should be the aim even though it took a few more generations of patient endeavour, while the third would confirm the views of those who think that the British are a grasping imperialistic race. Because of these obvious facts, the making of a new Dominion in Africa will be watched with interest by the whole world, but with sufficient confidence by those who know the British people.

*(For 22 years the author has lived in East Africa.)*



## COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE IN NEW ZEALAND

BY GILBERT MCALLISTER, M.P.

NEW Zealand is at once the British Dominion furthest from the mother country and yet closest to it. When the Maoris first saw Ateorea, the long white cloud lying on Pacific waters, they saw a Garden of Eden of the southern seas, which one hundred years of British settlement has developed into the most bountiful farming country in the Commonwealth and, indeed, in the world. The Maoris now enjoy full equality with the Europeans, are able to follow all the professions, to sit in Parliament, and to have an equal say in national affairs. The memory of the gallantry of the Maoris is still fresh in the minds of the British—they remember how during the Maori wars the Maoris temporarily ceased hostilities, once because their enemies had run short of ammunition and again because their enemies had run short of food. Certainly in no other part of the world do two races, living in the same country, have such respect for one another. The Maoris are increasing in number and there is even a certain feeling of Maori nationalism, so that people of mixed descent tend curiously to take more pride in their Maori than in their European ancestry. Occasionally, a Maori will explain that he has Scottish blood in his veins, and will add with a grin that his grandfather made a regular diet of Scottish seamen.

The Maoris apart, and ignoring, too, the peculiar phenomena of New Zealand—the oranges and lemons in the suburban gardens of Auckland, the hot springs, the Taupo blow-hole, the wonder of the glow-worm caves at Waikomo, the incomparable trout-fishing, the cities of the earthquake zone, the great glaciers of the South Island—New Zealand might be England or Scotland or Wales. Certainly I have never been to a country where I felt so instantly at home. The climate on the whole is more kindly, but every turn of the road—and one's wonder increases all the time that a country with such a tiny population can maintain a national network of roads, and keep them in such first-class condition—every turn of the road brings a new valley, or new stretch of river and meadow land reminding the visitor of home. And not only the visitor, because to the New Zealander, even to the third and fourth generation who has never been outside his native country, the United Kingdom is still "home" and I met Scotsmen of 70 years and more, settled in New Zealand for

more than half a century, who spoke a broader and a purer Scots than one is apt to find in Scotland to-day.

Increasing world interest in wool and the fabulous prices now being paid for it remind one all the time that New Zealand is a prosperous country. Here is nature at her most prolific ; here they grow the finest mutton and the finest wool ; here their orchards abound with high-quality apples ; here the all-the-year-round pasture yields abundant milk with a high vitamin content, so that the butter is not the pale colour of the northern hemisphere but a rich yellow. And here are the people of New Zealand—friendly, self-reliant, courteous and hospitable. But most of them, farmers, farm-workers and townspeople alike, with sharp memories of the depression of the 1930's, are a little apprehensive of the high prices now being paid for their products, and are conscious of the irony of a world economic system when an apparently stable peace brought them almost to ruin, while the danger of war raises them to untold prosperity.

\* \* \* \* \*

These were some of the thoughts in the minds of the delegates who attended the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association Conference in Wellington, New Zealand. They had come from every corner of the world. The United Kingdom had sent a strong delegation led by Viscount Alexander, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. All the dominions—Canada, South Africa, Australia, India, Pakistan, Ceylon—were represented in force. So, too, were the colonies. Some 78 delegates, excluding the New Zealand delegation, represented 40 Parliaments of the British Commonwealth. Not all the Parliaments, of course, were self-governing, but it is an index of the degree to which the self-government principle has been applied in the British Commonwealth, that all the Parliaments represented had at least an unofficial majority on the legislative council. Westminster is often enough referred to as the “ mother of Parliaments ” : few of us pause to notice that she has been so prolific of progeny, and that within the circle of the British Commonwealth itself there are already 48 Parliaments, all based on the United Kingdom model of Parliamentary democracy. It was therefore no polite rhetoric on the part of Mr. Holland, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, when, in his speech of welcome, he said that this was “ a momentous conference, more representative than any in the history of the world.” “ More is necessary ”, said the Prime Minister, “ than the agreement of governments ; there must be understanding between peoples.” It is perhaps in the fact that it made a great contribution to increased understanding between peoples that the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association Conference in New Zealand achieved its greatest success.



Mr. Walter Nash, the former New Zealand Finance Minister and now Leader of the Opposition in succession to Mr. Peter Fraser, whose death has been rightly recognized as a loss not only to New Zealand but to world statesmanship, opened the conference with a speech characteristic in its marshalling of facts, in its summing up of problems and in its statement of the principles that might guide us to right solutions. He referred to the great generosity of the United States, which had enabled them to spend 5,300,000,000 dollars in gifts to other nations since the end of the war—this was generosity of a kind and on a scale unprecedented in history. Quickly, Mr. Nash appraised world history from 1929 to 1939—a period of greater surplus production than the world had ever known and at the same time a period of greater privation for the common people of the world. He dealt with the rising production of world goods since 1945, said that farm produce had increased by 43 per cent. and manufactured goods by 46 per cent., and went on to refer, in a scathing sentence or two, to “the cruel position in Asia, which indicts the western world, where the people are obtaining less food to-day than they did before the war, because the western world cannot apparently find the right economic machinery.” The fact that Asia had not enough to eat was, in Mr. Nash’s view, as great or perhaps even greater a menace as war. Nor did he shirk the conclusions of his argument: “Poverty anywhere means prosperity nowhere.” That statement was applauded by all the delegates, and by none more than by those from the colonies. There was not perhaps the same general acceptance of his next aphorism: “Preparation for war increases investment in what ought to be used for human consumption.” And yet this was as true as the first—a challenging statement for peoples and leaders of nations to ponder. Mr. Nash had two practical proposals: “a Commonwealth plan and a world plan for mutual aid.”

By raising the spectre of world hunger and famine at the outset of the conference, Mr. Nash named one of the two subjects which were to dominate the whole of the discussion. The other was raised by Viscount Alexander. Speaking with the weight of his experience and authority acquired in long service as First Lord of the Admiralty and as Minister of Defence, Viscount Alexander conceived it to be his special duty to rouse the delegates to a passionate awareness of the critical danger of the world situation, and the paramount need to see to our defences as quickly as possible. Bad news from Korea emphasized his view. Not once, but several times, he returned to the subject, and when the conference went into secret session on defence, he was able to give even greater urgency to his argument.

Mr. Nash and Lord Alexander, therefore, laid down the broad lines of the discussion—food or famine, peace or war. There were other topics for each session’s debate, but delegates with a proper

regard for the needs of our time, always turned in their speeches to these two main issues. The colonial delegations were not slow to enlarge on the difficulties of the under-privileged peoples of the world, and sometimes thought that they had not an inconsiderable contribution to make to the economic well-being of the United Kingdom if they were given the opportunity. A West Indian delegate remarked that 400,000 of his people were in need of work, but they could make much additional sugar available to the United Kingdom if they could get guaranteed prices. Dr. Millien, a Doctor of Medicine—who spoke in English though he thought in French, who looked completely European and yet had allied himself with the coloured people because he came within the South African definition of a coloured person (one of his great-grandmothers had been a Negress)—told of poverty in Mauritius, of old-age pensions of 15 rupees a month, or, in United Kingdom values, one pound a month at 65. Mr. Ikoko of Nigeria and Mr. Lamptey of the Gold Coast expounded and represented in their own persons the rising culture of West Africa, and argued that increasing independence would enable them to make an increasing economic contribution to the Commonwealth as a whole. The Hon. D. B. Sangster, the Minister of Social Welfare in Jamaica, in the debate on “Economic Relations, Trade and Finance,” made a point of the greatest importance :

We are very happy to be associated with this conference, because *this is the only place in the British Commonwealth at which the Colonies are able to say their little piece and give you their viewpoint*. I believe that even at Geneva, when the representatives of the Colonies went there, they had to sit outside on the doorstep, and then a Colonial Office official came and asked them what they wanted to say, and then he went back into the Conference and said it. But in this great gathering of the Commonwealth, we are happy and proud to be able to stand on the ground of equality and give our views on the various subjects that are being debated in this conference.

The conference devoted a whole day to a discussion on the future of parliamentary government. Here the delegates seemed a bit complacent ; here all the time-honoured phrases about democracy were bandied about without very much regard to their hard content in the world to-day. Dr. O. M. Malik, one of the delegates from Pakistan, and himself the Pakistan Ambassador to Indonesia, was not altogether satisfied with the picture which he saw when he examined parliamentary democracy. Its success could only be judged by its success in combating famine and establishing peace. The Commonwealth Parliamentary Association and the Commonwealth itself should be judged by their contributions to the unity of humanity. A communal ideal, he said, must be created ; new avenues of unity must be brought into being, and their common ideals must be backed by deeds.

It was an Indian delegate who first raised the question of world



government. Without it, he argued, mankind could be sure neither of peace nor of food. As chairman of the British Parliamentary Committee for World Government, I developed the same theme. The conference was in itself a living demonstration of the fact that people of varied religions, of different races and of different colours could combine for common purposes and in pursuit of common ideals. There was something to be said for transforming the loose group of nations under the British flag into a federation of the British Commonwealth, which was playing too modest a rôle in the world scene. In its long history, it had brought to hundreds of millions of people peace and a rising standard of prosperity. The British with their long experience in the technique of international relations had a special mission in the torn world of to-day. If one were to take at their literal value some of the speeches made at the conference and others at the United Nations and elsewhere, the battle between west and east was already joined ; the death struggle between social democracy and Communism had begun. The common people of the world asked of the statesmen in whose hands their destiny lay : food, shelter, work, clothes, education and a chance to live in peace. It was the bankruptcy of statesmanship that suggested that this was not possible and that we had already reached the stage when war was inevitable. Some stupendous effort should be made to raise the whole level of international discussion above the weak negatives of hatred and suspicion, and to lead the nations of the world to that surrender of sovereignty which was necessary for the creation of a world government which alone would have the responsibility for the policing of the world.

There was no doubt what the delegates thought. The whole of the Indian, the Pakistan, the Ceylon delegations, and almost every delegate from the colonies, were wholehearted in support of the idea and were convinced of the need for a British lead. Criticism came from the older countries. No-one was opposed to the ideal, but some of the speakers were unsure of its practicability. "Would Russia join in a world government ?" How could anyone reply to that ? How could anyone know ? One could only say that it was worth asking her. If Russia refused this final offer, then she would be clearly anti-social, and it would be demonstrated that she had no desire to co-operate in an effort to maintain peace. These remarks lacked authority, and the back-bench delegate felt himself at a not uncommon disadvantage compared with some of the Ministers who raised these doubts. All I could do was to urge the necessity of a greater effort than had yet been made. And here, help came from a United Kingdom Minister, not at the conference, but who spoke while the conference was in progress. It was Dr. Hugh Dalton, who speaking no doubt with the authority of the United Kingdom Cabinet,

declared that "no ideological prejudice, no unhappy past experience, no emotional reluctance or mental immobility must prevent us from making a supreme effort to reach an understanding with the Soviet Union."

The mood of the conference gradually changed, and from concentrating primarily on Commonwealth needs for defence, there came a realization that defence in itself was not enough but that there was an equally urgent need for imaginative diplomacy too, for some sort of truce to suspicion, for a great movement towards world unity.

This, too, was the general view expressed later at Canberra, where, for the first time a full conference of British and American parliamentarians joined on the non-governmental level in a full discussion of common problems. At Canberra the conference had the enormous assistance of a speech from the Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Menzies, a man whose stature in Commonwealth and world affairs grows steadily; of great ability, he handles language with a sense of the right word and the right phrase—even if the listener wonders whether his lurking smile is pure *bonhomie* or comes from hardened, if not entirely cynical, realism.

\* \* \* \* \*

The importance of the conference, however, does not rest in its formal debates but in the bringing together of so many people, all of whom have achieved their present position by the election of their fellows. The new Dominions have produced a crop of politicians as good as any ever produced by any other country: men like Sir Francis Molamure, whose sudden death, since, Ceylon laments and Senator Rajapakse, the Ceylon Minister of Justice, added distinction to the discussions; Dr. Malik of Pakistan, a towering and impressive figure, a philosopher among politicians; Seth Govind Das of India, an impassioned fighter for the rights of the people of Asia and an advocate of non-violence. Senator Roebuck, the first chairman of the General Council of the Association, was always a conciliatory figure. Mr. Diefenbaker, also of Canada, was an orator in the grand manner, but his words had the ring of friendship and sincerity. Mr. Harold Holt of Australia impressed with his real ability. Mr. Duthie of South Africa had not lost a scrap of his Morayshire accent in fifty years of building up his beloved Union. Mr. Alan Lewis from the Windward Islands made useful contributions, and proved popular everywhere. Mr. W. S. Morrison, that tall, good-looking Highlander, delighted everyone with his imperturbable charm. And Lord Llewellyn and Lord Wilmot must be bracketed equal for genial urbanity. Sir George Harvie-Watt, also Scottish born, was nevertheless the New Zealanders' living image of John Bull, and brought with him all the glamour of his close



association with Mr. Churchill during the war. For some delegates the occasion was indeed a unique experience—a Canadian delegate, for example, who, until his journey to the conference had never seen the sea, had never travelled by aeroplane and had never been outside his home country—which brought a feeling of the Commonwealth as a living organism and a real social entity. They have memories of a period of happy fellowship, of the efficiency of New Zealand's Internal Affairs Department, which carried out all the conference arrangements without even the shadow of a hitch, and of a singular breed of New Zealand coach-drivers, who are your equals, treat you as their equals, and answer with unerring accuracy a thousand and one questions put to them by politician passengers who, if nothing else, have vast experience in the art of asking questions.

The Commonwealth Parliamentary Association was formed 40 years ago. The original conception was L. S. Amery's who seized the opportunity afforded by the visit of Dominion leaders to London on the occasion of the coronation of King George V to establish a small association as a channel for discussion on the parliamentary level between different parts of the Empire. The association grew rapidly in strength and fulfilled the hopes of its early pioneers. Recently it changed its name from the Empire Parliamentary Association—a sign of the times. The United Kingdom branch of the association has its offices in Westminster Hall itself, a tribute to the importance attached to its work by successive governments. There, visitors from every part of the Commonwealth find a meeting-place and a warm welcome from the secretary of the branch, Major J. G. Lockhart. Associated with L. S. Amery in the initial stages of the association was a young man, who now occupies the position of Secretary-General of the Association, Sir Howard d'Egville, who has striven through four troubled decades to bind the parliamentarians of the Commonwealth together in knowledge and in understanding. The importance of the past work of the association is recognized on all hands ; its future must also be of the greatest importance because it has fashioned in these Commonwealth parliamentary conferences an organization so closely resembling a Parliament of the Commonwealth that the translation of voluntary effort to official status will only be in line with the whole of British history.

*(Mr. Gilbert McAllister, M.P., recently returned from New Zealand, is the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee for World Government.)*

## ROTUMAH

BY K. WESTCOTT JONES

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most unusual and fascinating islands in the Pacific Ocean, Rotumah lies in almost complete isolation about 400 miles north of the well known Fiji Group. While it lacks to some extent the weird mystery that surrounds Easter Island, and has none of the romantic historical associations which brought such fame to Fletcher Christian's Pitcairn, there are many strange factors about Rotumah to attract ethnologists and others interested in remote Pacific Islands.

Three thousand people live there, people with olive-brown skins and slightly Asiatic features who have no known history before the present century. They possess no racial link with any other Pacific islanders, and speak a strange unwritten language entirely their own. Their island is utterly alone in the blue wastes of the Pacific, quite unconnected with the Atoll Chain far to the north, or with the active volcanic groups nearer the Tropic of Capricorn. Although Rotumah is British territory, being administered as part of the Crown colony of Fiji as a political and economic expediency, it has a racial and geographic connection with Fiji that equals the Channel Islands' with England.

Once every three months a small passenger and cargo vessel of less than 400 tons leaves the Fijian capital of Suva and calls at Rotumah two days later. It rarely stays more than 12 hours, lying just outside the island's protecting reef—about a mile and a half offshore—to discharge and load with the aid of lighters which have to be towed through a narrow break in the reef by motor boats. That is the only physical contact Rotumans have with the outside world, except for a very occasional call—sometimes only once a year—by an ocean-going tramp steamer seeking copra. These infrequent visitors, with their deep draft, may have to spend five or six days anchored well off the reef, loading only when the tide is high enough to permit the lighters to negotiate the shallow and dangerous passage through the coral barrier.

The shape of the island, especially in its contours, resembles that of a limbless human body lying face downward. It is four miles long, one and a half miles wide at the broadest part, but scarcely one hundred yards in width at the "neck". Two hills, representing the



head and lower posterior, approach 900 and 800 feet respectively. Coconut palms are profuse everywhere, even on the steepest slopes of the hills, and this intensive cultivation, without the careful pruning evident in other copra-producing islands in the Pacific, has a somewhat derogatory effect upon the quality of the coconuts.

The main occupation of the Rotumans is, of course, the preparation of copra, and the export of this product to the United Kingdom direct is the only real source of revenue. There are, however, some banana trees on the island, and these yield the fattest and juiciest bananas I have ever seen. As a small secondary export, some of these are shipped to Fiji on the quarterly mail boat, but apart from that they fail to find their way to the markets of the world, which is particularly unfortunate from all points of view. But the limited labour force, coupled with the small area of the island, prohibit any large-scale development of this industry without disruption of the more profitable copra trade. It takes from four to six thousand coconuts to make a ton of copra, and the entire annual output can easily be loaded into one hold of an average cargo steamer.

The Rotumans appear to be a happy and contented people, well satisfied with their lot, and largely oblivious of their isolation. On the occasion of my visit to the island, no white man had any place in the administration. The District Officer, his assistant, the doctor, and others in Government office were all native-born Rotumans trained at Suva. Two trading stores had European managers, but apart from these, the only white men on the island were Roman Catholic priests. One of these has almost become a Rotuman after 40 years residence there, with only a short break 20 years ago for a visit to Sydney. This remarkable man is *Père Soubeyron*. He arrived from France as a Missionary of the Marist Order in 1907, and probably knows more about Rotumah and its people than any other living person. He speaks Rotuman so fluently from constant use that he has actually forgotten much of his native French. Having gained a smattering of English from contact with traders, he inclines to intersperse his French conversation with broken English words, which makes it rather difficult to follow him for one whose French is somewhat limited and not attuned to the Avignon district accent, which *Père Soubeyron* still possesses.

This elderly priest has devoted a great many years to the compilation, in ink, of a Rotuman-Fijian dictionary, which has been converted to English for him. The dictionary is without doubt the only one in existence, since Rotuman is normally only a verbal language, all business with the island being carried out in English or Fijian. *Père Soubeyron* has very definite ideas, as yet unsubstantiated by convincing proof, on the origin of his islanders. He claims that their language exhibits distinct Chinese characteristics, and he believes a

nucleus of the present population is traceable to Formosan ancestry. He supports this contention with the aid of the mission storekeeper, a very aged man with conspicuously Mongolian features, who is said to remember setting sail from Formosa more than 70 years ago in company with a great number of refugees from some forgotten dispute.

I must agree that most Rotumans tend to have Mongolian features, but during the last 50 years some people have come in from the Tonga Group and inter-breeding has occurred to a considerable extent. The legends and songs of the Rotumans throw no light upon their ancestry, except one which rather dubiously suggests the first arrivals landing happily after a voyage from "a Great Land far distant a hundred years ago." It is strange that no Rotumans, not even the oldest ones, can make any effective contribution towards clearing up the mystery of their origin. Like the Maoris of New Zealand, the numerically-smaller Rotumans remain an untraced race, but the former have been so long established that it is understandable how their history has been lost or at least blurred in the recesses of time. It is still possible that the records of the comparatively recent mystery may be unearthed.

Delving into their ancestry is complicated by the fact that few of the earlier Rotumans lived to an old age. Disease was, and still is prevalent, particularly elephantiasis and tuberculosis. The peculiar mosquito which carries elephantiasis bacilli breeds in puddles and damp bushes which rarely dry out owing to the clammy, unrelieved and often airless heat of the island. A visiting specialist in tropical medicine from Suva told me that about one in 25 of the natives appear to be afflicted with this crippling disease. The general health of the inhabitants is somewhat below the standard in most parts of the Polynesian and Micronesian Pacific, and their natural cheerfulness and good nature are not affected by yaws and tropical sores of various types which break out frequently.

Climatic conditions tend to be unhealthy. The trade wind is very irregular at Rotumah, and most days see the temperature climbing to 90 degrees accompanied by high relative humidity. Heavy falls of rain of a semi-equatorial character occur daily, failing, however, to relieve the heat. From November to April, hurricanes are liable to happen and a particularly severe one in December 1948 caused enormous damage to pandanus-thatched houses, boats and coconut palms.

For Europeans living on the island, as in any copra-producing region of the Pacific, insects are perhaps the chief bugbear. Sandflies, mosquitos, land crabs, and all manner of other pests abound. A most unpleasant little insect is the tiny flying black beetle known as the copra-bug, which thrives on coconuts. Equipped with amazingly



sharp teeth and an armoured jaw, it burrows through the thick outer skin of the coconut in a matter of minutes. Breeding by the million and swarming in clouds whenever the wind is light, this wretched insect can and does inflict quite a painful nip on human flesh, but it is not poisonous and its bite leaves no mark. In addition there are the toddy bugs, larger and even more unpleasant flying nuisances which live on the sap of coco-palms, and somehow blister the skin of human beings when they alight on exposed parts of the body. Sap from these palm trees is tapped and distilled by the natives, to be used as an execrable and potent drink at celebrations and served to guests of honour, who are duty bound to taste it with an expression of appreciation. I am not sure which is the more unpleasant of the two—the effect of the toddy drink on the palate, or the burn of the toddy bug.

A land crab of enormous size, reddish-brown in colour and hideous to behold, also inhabits Rotumah, although it is not peculiar to the island since a few specimens are found on Savu-Savu and other off-lying islands of the Fiji Group. This creature is heavily armoured, possessing amazingly powerful pincers to enable it to crack and eat coconuts. I am told the crabs are capable of climbing the highest palms in search of their diet, and will actually fell the nuts they cannot manage to eat while performing acrobatics in the tree. This may well be an exaggeration, since the only one I have seen was imprisoned in a large metal box—the only kind of container they cannot break open—by a Rotuman who had succeeded in catching a large specimen. Boiled alive, the coconut crab is considered a rich and rare delicacy.

Apart from a few unrecorded visits made by trading schooners during the last decade of the nineteenth century, it would seem that H.M.S. *Penguin* was the first vessel to establish proper contact with Rotumah, and place the island correctly on charts. This took place in 1897, while the warship was engaged on a surveying voyage from Suva. In later years, a New Zealand frigate dropped anchor off the lagoon for a brief visit, and during the last war another New Zealand naval vessel called at the island, but normally Rotumans are not brought into contact with the modern world of arms. They played a small and useful part—if only in a negative manner—during the Pacific war, when the wooded hill called Soloroa Bluff (comprising the “head” of Rotumah) was used as a look-out post, and reports sent to the naval base at Suva by short wave radio. Beyond a few Catalina aircraft on long distance reconnaissance flights and their own quarterly mail boat, the look-outs saw precisely nothing for the duration. Since the war, the modern world has intruded upon the quiet of the Islanders three times, with the appearance of a Catalina from Suva which circled the island on each occasion to drop an urgent batch of Government mail by parachute. The short wave

radio link with Suva has been retained, and contact is established four times a day from the tiny radio hut in the Government clearing high on the slopes of the northern hill. The Fijian language is spoken over the ether, and somehow the isolation of the Rotuman village folk seems greater because of it.

Lunching with the District Officer in the Residency in the centre of Government clearing, it was suggested that I accompany the doctor on his weekly tour of the island in a 15cwt. motor truck. I was surprised to find that a road circled the island in the form of a figure 8, and that it was capable of bearing motor transport. Four motor vehicles are in use on Rotumah ; two small open trucks owned by the traders, one aged Ford maintained by two Irish Fathers at the Roman Catholic mission near Oinafa village (about six miles journey by road from *Père Soubeyron's* Marist settlement), and the Government truck in which I made the tour. We travelled no less than seventeen miles without traversing the same stretch of road twice, which I considered rather impressive for an island having an area of about six square miles. But the journey was violently uncomfortable, with huge ruts clogging the wheels, and interlaced branches overhead bearing down on the vehicle, occasionally sweeping part of the load out of the truck. Scraggy chickens, actually marching in some order with a leader at their head, were met with from time to time far removed from any apparent owner, while pigs and goats wandered promiscuously ; these are all imported and domesticated animals. No fauna is indigenous to the island and ornithologists would find little of conspicuous interest in studying the local bird life.

The maintenance of Rotumah's law and order is vested in a solitary Fijian policeman, lent by the Governor of Fiji to assist the District Officer, who also assumes the office of Resident Magistrate. Fijian policemen are known all over the world for their picturesque dress, remarkable hair, noble bearing, incredible loyalty and devotion to duty. Numbers of them joined the armed forces during the war and performed acts of unusual courage against the Japanese, resulting in the award of three Victoria Crosses to the detachment. Their representative on Rotumah appears to be no exception, at least in dress and bearing. His amazing shock of frizzled hair is quite six inches thick, creating the illusion of a seven-foot specimen of manhood. He wears the traditional white gored skirt beneath a navy-blue uniform jacket with silver buttons, brown strapped sandals on his feet, and a red sash round his waist, into which is tucked his truncheon. At Suva, policemen are considered a showpiece for tourists with their cameras, specially when they are on traffic duty. On Rotumah he is regarded with reverence and not a little awe by a particularly law-abiding community.

The last few years have seen a steadily increasing price for copra



and in consequence, money is beginning to flow into the islanders' pockets for the first time. Occasional traders may have used it before the war, but most transactions were arranged on the barter system. Today, Fijian currency is in general use on Rotumah, with an exchange rate midway between sterling and the Australian pound. A few consumer goods are imported on the mail boat, while that magnetic attraction to the native mind—possession of a bicycle—is rapidly becoming a reality. In fact, quite a number of shining new ones are to be seen being ridden wildly between the chief villages of Motusa and Oinafa for no apparent purpose, as soon as labour has been released from storing the year's preparation of copra. Other men engage in shark fishing during their spare time, for the waters beyond the fringing reef abound with tiger and hammer-head sharks. Traders will pay from three to five pounds for a shark landed on the beach, and almost every portion of the giant is put to some use, either edible or constructive. I saw a shark caught with a remarkably slender line, towed in through the reef passage, dragged on to the beach and beaten to death with a 54lb. hammer. This is a more dangerous occupation than it sounds, since the monstrous tail thrashes about even after death, and a single blow will shatter a man's leg. Once the nerve reflexes had ceased their alarming spasms, the mouth was propped open, and the teeth drawn with a heavy pair of pliers. I was presented with a couple as a souvenir.

Two small islets lying just beyond the main fringing reef are somewhat unusual and worthy of mention. Although there is no evidence of any recent volcanic activity on Rotumah, the geological history of the island shows three once violent volcanic craters, and the traces of a massive crater one hundred feet deep named Solmea can be seen on the slopes of Soloroa. It seems that a tremendous eruption in the distant past threw enormous rocks and earth from this crater into the sea, whereupon the two islets were built up on a shoal until they assumed relatively large proportions. The larger of them is named Uea, and supports a population of 20 persons, who actually cultivate coco-palms within their narrow confines. The other is a cliffy islet, 200 feet in height, with a perpendicular cleft right across it, bridged by an almost perfect natural rock arch. It is certainly one of the finest examples of sea-sculpture in the world, but so inaccessible and isolated that few Europeans, and probably no tourists have ever seen it. The sea sighs through this cleft in a loud and eerie manner, which can be heard quite clearly in Motusa village on a quiet night, reminding one—if it were not for the saturating heat—of the strange sound of the sea on parts of the rugged north Cornish Coast. *Hofliua*, said to mean 'cleft rock', is the name the natives have given to this uninhabited islet.

Rotumans tend to be undeveloped mentally, and education,

mostly in the hands of the missions, is basic, in no way comparable to the fairly high standards encountered in the Tongas, or the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. There are no colleges or high schools, but boys who exhibit definite talents can be sent to Suva on the recommendation of the District Officer, or even further afield at the expense of a mission. Nevertheless, a sizeable proportion of the male population can speak English with reasonable fluency, and approximately half have learned to read and write the Fijian language. There are no chiefs, only family head men answerable to the Crown-appointed administrators. Generally speaking, the islanders are settled in their peaceful isolation ; religious and untroubled, except by disease, their knowledge of the world is slight and dependent upon word of mouth passed on by the very few owners of short wave radio sets for, with no written language, there are no newspapers.

---

### DURFORD MILL

BY GERALD BULLETT

As I passed by Durford Mill,  
The day growing dim,  
There they stood, hand in hand,  
Looking down at the stream,  
Hand in hand as of custom,  
Kindness, or compassion,  
A boy and his sweetheart,  
Drest in an old fashion.

When I gave them good evening  
There came no answers.  
Only a sighing and a whispering  
Betrayed the listeners,  
And a drawing nearer to where,  
Long centuries past,  
In the quiet of the hastening water  
They laid their love to rest.



## TENDENCIES IN ADULT EDUCATION

BY W. R. NIBLETT

**M**OST people are apt to think that education is something provided by somebody for somebody else, the mediators being called teachers. It is true that some parts of education can most efficiently be given in schools and technical colleges and universities. But no formal schooling will teach us more than a few of the things it is necessary to know if we are to live well. "Live and learn", says the adage. It is a profound remark ; to the extent that we live, we learn. It is life itself which teaches us most. He who lives learns in proportion to the depth of his living, whatever his employment, however much or little leisure he may have.

Many men and women, no doubt, can find their vocation—or most of it—in a job, especially if that job is a profession. But for many others, and for an increasing number, a true vocation can be found only to a small extent in the job which earns them their keep or which they may define in the appropriate place on the forms which drop from time to time through the letter box, as typist, housewife, textile worker, clerk (but actually, perhaps, a counter of carefully considered trifles in a Pools office) or engineer (as a matter of fact, perhaps, one who gives a turn to four nuts on three screws as they pass minute by minute before him on the moving band). The occupation they follow may give them some chance of self-expression, but it will be a limited chance. So few of their gifts and so little of their humanity is demanded by their work, that if they do not learn to live outside it they will never live much at all.

Education at some potential or other is, in fact, going on for much of the time whether we recognize it as such or not. Almost 30 million attendances at the cinema are made in this country week by week. Everybody looks at a daily paper and most people read part of a Sunday one. The churches exert a very powerful educative effect both through their services and their week-night clubs and meetings. Quite literally no-one knows how many people of all ages go to some form or other of church- or chapel-sponsored activity. But churches, newspapers and cinemas are only three of many ways to continued education not always thought of under that heading. The wireless, the theatre, novels, the public concert, the gramophone, the

weekly magazine, show windows, coach tours, discussions in drawing room or pub—all make their contribution and a subtle and potent one it can be. Few people can help having some of their values changed, and some new knowledge added as they go on living.

But continued education of this miscellaneous sort, inevitable though it is, interesting and even exciting though it may be, can be extraordinarily haphazard and not very likely to produce anything to be described as culture. Who would claim that England to-day was made up of people who had a culture, even using the term in T. S. Eliot's primary sense as "that which makes life worth living"? The final concern of true education must be with the personal and inward life of the individual, not merely his attainments, or his pleasures, or the number of facts he knows. The success or failure of continued education lies ultimately just there.

Almost any education which is really going to get us anywhere demands effort—continued intellectual education demands intellectual effort, continued moral education, moral effort. And the old problem of the teacher in the school is the problem of one who would teach grown-ups: how to get people to want things enough to be willing to make the effort to get them. Perhaps the key recipe is to cause them to become members of a group already beginning to make such an effort. To have belonged to Tawney's first W.E.A. class at Rochdale where every one of 30 members pledged himself to make every attendance for two years, and to write regular essays, was in itself a stimulus and a challenge to all 30. So much so indeed that the class went on for four years instead of two and everybody handed in an essay a fortnight for the whole four years.

Any environment rich in faith or purpose or intelligence gives the individual a chance of rising to his opportunity. And if many individuals are making an effort to rise it will be easier for the man in the street to make his own effort to rise with them. The best hope for continued education for most people lies in membership of a group which meets to learn and which has unity, leadership and an objective. The learning need not be of a "subject" as ordinarily defined. A party of people strenuously exploring a cave is an educative group in my sense; so is an audience really listening to a symphony; and so certainly is a congregation meeting for worship or meditation.

The number of students in formally constituted adult classes or groups, though still not large, has been rising for years now—even the outbreak of war caused but a temporary set-back. To take the published figures of those attending W.E.A. classes alone—in 1931-32 there were 56,000; in 1937-38, 64,000; in 1940-41, 52,000; in 1943-44, 85,000; in 1949-50, 107,000. Men and women attending week-end courses, Easter schools, summer schools, even New Year



conferences have increased in number by leaps and bounds. Oxford indeed seems to be more crowded out of term than in it—and that in these days is saying a good deal. Twenty-six residential colleges for liberal adult education are now in being in this country.

It is natural and right that in a democratic nation like ours, the greatest number of people who are members of evening classes in liberal subjects at all should join those on social and economic affairs. For the successful functioning of a democratic State demands an endless succession of people who will play their part now as leaders, now as followers, who as often as the situation requires will take a weight of responsibility with knowledge of what they are doing and from motives other than self-interest.

But it is not only knowledge of the external situation that is called for. To be a real citizen of a democracy a man has to have an inward self-discipline and a self-knowledge far greater than he would need to behave as a fit and proper inhabitant of a totalitarian State. It is only ants who come newborn and shining into the world with every faculty and every gift which the most exacting dictator might wish for his subjects. In the past, of course, even in England most men have never been expected to know how to direct the greater part of their lives. That was done for them by the rules and beliefs of the church ; by the general acceptance of a social structure which divided men into classes or occupational groups, passage between which was difficult, and by the dominance of slow-changing habit and custom. In such a society men were not, as it were, required to be as fully awake as in contemporary England. One of the great aims of education must be to make men more aware.

That is a reason why groups studying economics, current affairs and political problems are not enough. More significant even than the growth of provision for adult education in the last twenty years is its widening scope—and particularly its new concern with subjects that may be described as personal and cultural. W.E.A. classes in music and appreciation in 1928-29, for example, numbered 99 in all and comprised 5.4 per cent. of the total. In 1949-50 there were 647 which made up 10.3 per cent. of the total. Classes in painting—often involving a good deal of actual attempt to paint by the students themselves—have also grown considerably in number, and more rapidly in the last few years.

I would suggest that it is difficult for anybody to become or to remain educated unless he knows how to express himself in a creative way from time to time. But there are many sorts of creativeness, and only some of them are educable by evening classes at all or by any formally constituted educative group. One sort, for example, is the ability to make friends ; another much neglected sort, especially in these days, is the ability simply to be kind, for kindness is a form of

applied imagination. All creative expression demands a keeping-in-touch with oneself—and the ability to maintain self-unity is one mark of the deeply educated man or woman. To keep up with one's developing self demands a subtle discipline—but not to keep up with oneself and one's possibilities spells disintegration. The doom of the man in Meredith's sonnet was that "he fed not on the advancing hours." To enable us to do just that is one of the functions of continued education if we define the term boldly enough. It is so easy to act at 40 as if one was only 30, to behave at 50 without having seen the new status and possibilities which that age brings ; to try instead to cash upon oneself cheques whose availability has been cancelled by time.

Most significant of all expressions of demand for continued education, however, is the undoubted increase of interest of people these days in discussions and classes on philosophy and on religion. Behind such an interest must almost always be a willingness to look at the mystery of things, see how far one can get an answer to ultimate questions. To turn aside when one comes to the biggest of them—what is life for ? Has it a meaning ? Is there a God and can His will be known ?—is to rule out the very possibility of a great deal of the most potent continued education. Escapism and education are at all levels enemies and at none is the enmity more absolute than at this. Evidence of the new willingness to ask philosophic questions is plentiful.

The increase in size of the Student Christian Movement of recent years not merely in universities but among boys and girls of 16 to 18 still at school is a sign of the times. The inter-school conferences it has organized in most big towns since the war have been some of the liveliest of all in their questions and discussions. The growth of the movement towards the teaching of philosophy in school hours to sixth forms is also worth noting as a symptom. Even in the W.E.A. the number of classes in philosophy and religion has risen steadily from 128 in 1936 to 438 in 1949 and that in spite of an old reluctance on the part of the movement to sponsor classes concerned with theology. Philosophy and religion are among the most humane of all studies—and among the most fitted for the mature man. Truth is never true to anybody until he sees it for himself : to grapple with a great issue, to feel its bigness, is to realize the infinity and yet the smallness of the human mind and the human heart. That indeed is to continue one's education.

*(Professor Niblett is Director of the University of Leeds Institute of Education and a member of the University Grants Committee.)*



## ENGLAND'S FUTURE OAK

BY J. D. U. WARD

**O**AK, whether living tree or dead timber, has no serious rival in the affections of Englishmen. But though most people are fond of it few know anything about it, and the warmest popular affection is reserved for those oak trees which are described by their admirers as mighty, ancient, venerable or historic. Certainly the mass of people are more interested in the oak of the past, and foresters in the oak of the future.

Unfortunately some foresters seem to be little more critical in their approach than the mass of people, and there is even reason for concern about the Commission's methods of collecting and selecting seed from which the oak plantations of the future are to be raised. Recently there were reports that the Commission was still buying acorns from school children. One paper stated that the price was twopence a pound, and another threepence. The latter said also that one village school with only 29 pupils had managed to collect 1,274 pounds and that the Forestry Commission had a 150-acre nursery of young oaks, all sprung from acorns gathered by the children—and that seedlings from this nursery were sent to all parts of the country. Here it appeared that a haphazard method of seed collection long deplored by research foresters and workers in the universities' schools of forestry was still in use ; yet no one protested. Subsequent inquiries were answered with an assurance :

Certain individual trees, copses, plantations, avenues and the like of oak are scheduled by the Forester, after inspection, as " mother trees ", and *all* collections are supervised by Commission staff to ensure that seed is collected only from the scheduled trees.

That official statement might seem unexceptionable but the writer, at the risk of seeming hypercritical, suggests that it is not entirely satisfactory when the circumstances are carefully considered. The difficulties of adequately supervising 29 young seed-collectors, who are to be rewarded for piecework (according to the weight of their collections) are immediately apparent. Further, in the same week that this reply was received the writer heard of a forester in quite another area who was eager to have a photograph taken of his vast store of acorns, gathered for seed. Questioned, he admitted that he did not know from what species of oak the acorns came (it was the

size of his heap that mattered) nor could he distinguish a typical sessile from a typical pedunculate acorn in a mixed heap. In short, far more care is needed. There should be a more scientific approach to the problem of collecting seed for such a costly long-term enterprise as the growing of a crop of oak timber.

Several of the qualities of oak are known to be heritable, and European countries with great forestry traditions are now extremely cautious and inquisitive about the provenance of the seed from which future forests will grow. For example, Professor Bertil Lindquist noted in his *Genetics in Swedish Forestry Practice* (1948) that only thirty oaks had so far been found in Sweden worthy of *élite* status and to be the mother trees of future oak plantations. In countries (such as England) which lack a forestry tradition, comparable care is the more necessary because the common practice of felling the better trees for timber and leaving the others, continued through the centuries, has had an adverse effect on the constitution of woods and forests. But the public at large is not interested. If a few ancient trees are to be felled, there will be widespread indignation, with expressions of a sense of outrage, but if seed from bad parents is used, not a murmur will be heard.

Yet English people ought to take an interest not only in past oak but also in the future oak of the State forests, first because these trees are grown with public money, and secondly because the Forestry Commission (so often and so unjustly attacked for planting conifers) is by far the largest planter of oak in this island. Over 8,000,000 young oak trees have been planted in the State forests in the last three years.

If the 22nd century is to have better oak than the twentieth, there are a number of other difficult matters to be considered: for example, choice of species, soils, method of regeneration and later silvicultural treatment. Most people do not distinguish between the two common species of oak, and the fact that these two interbreed and produce a number of intermediate forms is admittedly confusing. The common oaks of most of southern, midland and eastern England are generally pedunculate oaks (*Quercus pedunculata* or *Q. robur*), whose acorns are set on stalks. The common oaks of the older geological formations, in the north and the west, are mostly sessile oaks (*Quercus sessiliflora* or *Q. petraea*), whose more pointed acorns sit stalkless on the twigs. (Also, the leaves of *Q. sessiliflora* usually have rather longer stalks, and are downy or hairy on the underside, while the leaves of *Q. pedunculata* have very short stalks and are smooth on the underside.) The north and west are the higher rainfall areas in Britain, yet the pedunculate species is commonly considered to be the more insistent moisture-demander, because the sessile oak is the species of some of the lower rainfall areas on the Continent. In brief, the sessile is the less fastidious and more adaptable species.



Now it was in 1927 that an expert wrote in *Forestry* that "until quite recently little attempt has been made to raise stocks of definitely sessile origin" and observed that the sessile oak might be more profitable even on the stiffer soils where the pedunculate oak was normally dominant.\* In the October 1949 issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Forestry* Dr. Mark Anderson, a leading authority on oak in Britain, wrote to emphasize the opportunity and need for collection of sessile acorns (which are much the more difficult to store) in what was an exceptionally good seed year, and he stressed the probable demand for sessile oak plants in the future. Other responsible people have also written in favour of the sessile species, and several have commented that it is less subject than the pedunculate to defoliation by the caterpillars of the oak-leaf roller moth (*Tortrix viridana*)—a mischief to be ranked among the major causes of the poverty of England's oak woods.

The sessile oak, in its typical form, tends to be a more upright, less sprawling and less heavily branched tree than the pedunculate oak. Its tendency to make a straighter bole may derive from the fact that the central bud of the cluster terminating the leading shoot is the strongest, whereas in the pedunculate species a lateral bud may dominate. But it is sometimes difficult to know how far differences in trees are due to nature, and how far to nurture. This familiar nature-and-nurture question crops up again with special reference to the qualities of the timber, and it may be best to note here that tests have failed to reveal any significant difference between pedunculate and sessile timbers when the two species of trees have received the same treatment.

Several points of great general interest must nevertheless be mentioned. Such a phrase as "the best oak timber" should immediately evoke the Socratic question: best for what? It was chiefly the pedunculate oak which won for English oak a great reputation for strength. Now, the pedunculate oak is (as has been noted) the species of the kinder climate and richer and deeper soils of the south, which make for faster growth. Faster-grown oak timber is structurally stronger than slower-grown oak timber.† Further, speed of growth is closely correlated with the size of the crown of the tree, so oaks set in parks or in rather open woods, as in

---

\* There had of course been various earlier recommendations of the sessile oak; for examples, by Professor Fisher of Cooper's Hill, about 30 years before, and by A. C. Forbes in *English Estate Forestry* (1904).

† This point is the more noteworthy because the opposite rule holds good for most conifer timbers: as has often been stated, slower-grown softwoods (conifer timbers) are stronger than the same timbers when grown faster, and more desirable for most of the purposes to which such timbers are put. Another slightly related contrast in silviculture may be observed: a major cause of damage to English oak woods has been over-thinning, but in conifer plantations under-thinning has been by far the more common fault. Some element of paradox may be discerned.

lightly-stocked coppice with standards, will normally grow faster than trees in denser high forest.

All that has its obvious corollary. Other things being equal, slower-grown forest oak is less strong, structurally, but it is also milder and easier to work. The better oak for furniture in general and for fine veneers in particular, for panelling and for barrel-making, will be the slow grown, and this is the kind of oak that now normally commands the highest prices. Most of the high quality joinery oak imported from the Continent has been slow-grown timber from sessile trees, and the most famous oaks in the world (those of the Spessart forest in Bavaria, worked on a 400-year rotation) are sessile. Thus, in addition to foresters' arguments in favour of sessile oak for the future, there is also the users' preference—based largely on the chances of circumstance. Two points may be made in parenthesis. First, oak whose slow growth is due to deficiency of soil or exposure to wind and livestock damage, as on an open mountainside, may be extremely hard and awkward to work. Secondly, since the use of oak for the building of ships, bridges and houses has declined with the development of steel and concrete construction, the importance of maximum structural strength has declined, relatively to the importance of such qualities as the furniture makers most esteem. The days when tanbark and charcoal made poor oak profitable have gone ; now, even after two timber-consuming wars, we still have an uneconomic surplus of low-grade oak. What is needed for the future is fine-quality oak, most carefully grown, and as evenly-ringed as possible. Small stands of tall trees yielding such timber are much more to be desired than wide forests of squat trees. Let us all frankly admit that oak timber is not now a major necessity of life ; it might almost be ranked as luxury—the high culture of forestry.

Though sessile oak is less exacting than pedunculate in its requirements as to soil and rain, and though there is now a tendency to think the particular soil requirements of oak have sometimes been over-emphasized in the past, yet the statement made by the Commissioners of Land Revenue in 1788 still remains broadly true :

The oak, to become great timber, requires the strongest and deepest soil, which being also the most profitable for agriculture, is the least likely to be employed by individuals in raising timber.

But in our own time silviculturists have been puzzled by the poverty of some oak on soils which *should* make great timber. Here the genetically-minded may wonder what was the parentage of the seeds from which those oaks grew ; but there has also been talk of oak-sick soils. Local factors of importance include neglected drainage in some places, and the lowering of the water-table in others—by drainage schemes or by pumping for some city's reservoirs.



The best methods of growing oak have been discussed again and again, and at great length. Natural regeneration has been less successful in an age of game preservation and multitudinous rabbits than it was in earlier centuries when herds of swine scarified the ground under the oak trees. Incidentally, one authority thinks that the swine greatly aided natural regeneration by destroying slugs, and specialized studies indicate that various lower-animal pests have done more than weed growth to hinder natural regeneration.

For artificial regeneration, the need to plant close, which means using a vast number of plants (4,000 to 6,000 an acre) means a very heavy expense. The early thinnings of this close-planted oak (whose aim is about 60 good trees an acre some 160 years hence) are normally of no value, and this is one argument for starting with a mixture of conifers ; but such mixtures need careful management and pose many problems, since the conifers will certainly grow faster than the oak, which will tolerate very little overhead shade after the first few years. When the conifers (or surplus young oak) are taken out, there is the further expense, and possibly some question, of what to put under the young trees that are left to grow on. In the first decade of the Forestry Commission's existence a senior officer wrote :

The right stage at which to thin and the necessity for introducing beech are problems for the future to decide, though with regard to the latter point there can be little doubt that beech will be required on almost every type of soil.

Though there may be other tenable opinions, most foresters in this country concur that underplanting of some kind is necessary to cover the ground and to maintain the health of the soil and also to shade the boles of the trees, which are required to grow up and not sideways. All or nearly all the noblest and loftiest stands of oak in France and Germany are underplanted (most usually with beech but sometimes with hornbeam and sometimes with various shade-tolerant species of conifers) and the saying that oak likes to grow in a fur coat but with a bare head is well known among foresters.

Some rather discouraging aspects of oak and its future remain untouched. Anyone oppressed by a feeling of the world's heavily shadowed and uncertain future might recall that no oak is nearly mature until it is 125 years old and that 175 years is probably a better time allowance. Then may come defeatist questions : who cares what luxury or near-luxury timber is available between the years 2075 and 2125 ? Who wants to plant 6,000 oaks on an acre in 1951 so that there may be 60 there in 2100 ? What does it matter if there is no good oak for the future ? Why not be content to preserve our dotards as long as possible and for the rest be content with a few old patches of random qualities to support purple emperors and white admirals in national parks or nature preserves ? Here, perhaps, is a fair reflection of the general or popular point of view, for reasons

easily understood. The questions cannot be answered to the satisfaction of determined pessimists. But comparable counsels of despair, if allowed to prevail, could at most times in history have paralysed man's power of action and progress. There are some grounds—not to overstate the matter—for a more hopeful and faithful view, and those who love noble trees may pray that responsible people will not despair.

The great majority of England's most promising oak land is still in private hands, and there must be many places where the amenity value of fine oak, near a house or in a landscape, would count for something in the scale when the heavy costs of growing oak were being weighed. (Any "practical" forester who discounts the values of amenity and sentiment when oak is being considered does a disservice to oak, for hardly anyone is going to plant and tend oak in order to make money—as an "economic" investment—even in these  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. days.)

Indeed, the finest stands of the future may be found in a matrix, so to speak, of mixed small woods, and it is therefore the more desirable that the dedication scheme should be as comprehensive and as successful as possible, so that the State, with its funds and its ability to encourage continuity of management on a really long-term basis, may be collaborating with those owners who have the sites, a sense of tradition, and the desire for the grandest of all our timber trees. Where England's future oak is being considered, quality rather than quantity should everywhere and always be the aim. Only first class trees are worth the trouble and even they will probably show a loss in terms of mere finance.

---

## EMILY BRONTË

BY FRANCIS NEWBOLD

I do not meet you, Emily, when even  
this bleak land smiles—when larks, like souls intent on heaven,  
soar singing from the heather—  
dark soul, you are always abroad in gentle weather.

But, when a sallow, brooding afternoon  
flares to a stormy twilight—or when the scudding moon  
rides ragged clouds in a witch's gallop—then,  
proud and lonely spirit, you are home again.



## EMILY BRONTE : TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY PHOEBE HESKETH

Here is my breath and food for insatiate hunger ;  
The purple-breasted moor gives strength and ease  
From the dull, slow, grinding mass-disease  
That daily wastes our power ; here a stronger  
Incentive surges through the turning seasons  
Than man, enslaved by wheels, can ever know.  
Here throbs a pulse more vital than pale reason's—  
The heartbeat of creation's ebb and flow.

Escaped from tedium of a drab committee.  
I turn the key of freedom as I run  
Beyond the subtle bondage that a city  
Imposes on the seekers of the sun.

Brown humpback fells, a dwarfed and twisted tree,  
The rock-impeded stream—flinging a spray  
Of heaven at my face as on its way  
It leaps all obstacles to find the sea—  
These are my loves, and in their strength I grow  
Stronger for strife with all the storms that blow  
Their grey-mouthed fury on the patient hills,—  
O desolation yet my need fulfils !

A hundred years have passed and left no blemish.  
Upon the lonely moor the lash of rain  
Toughens the grass where tender things might perish—  
Breath of the Vast, inspire my soul again !

O hills whose symmetry can soothe all passion,  
In whose long rhythms heartbreak is assuaged,  
Here frustrate love is eased in huge compassion  
Of space and all that man has never caged !

Drink deep, O thirsting Muse, for strength to mingle  
With mocking crowds, inviolate, unknown.  
The million stars blaze each one with a single  
Bright purpose ; and we live and die alone.

## BORDEAUX WINE-HARVEST

BY JOHN ARLOTT

**A**LTHOUGH wine is to be drunk and appreciated anywhere, it is not to be *known* except in France and, even there, perhaps, it is only known completely by the French of the wine-growing regions.

Come to the great square of Bordeaux. You may sit at a table at the Café de Bordeaux and study the stone ladies on the portico of the civic theatre in their differing stages of grime and undress—which vary according to the whims of current cleaners and original sculptors. Simultaneously, and with the barest movement of the head, you may be informed by the civic timepiece or the civic barometer, both of which are part of the structure of two massive central lamp-standards. Content with the provision of refreshment, civic elegance, beauty, chronology and climatic prognostication, it is possible to overlook the half-furtive activity which takes place at the small *tabac* opposite. There, men come and go, hover or relax ; they are men who drink coffee without respite and talk furiously in short bursts. These men are dealers in wine, the solitary indication to the traveller who takes refreshment in the main square, that he sits at the hub of the greatest wine-growing district in the world.

There are, of course, wine-cellars—some of them extremely vast—in Bordeaux itself, and virtually all the wine of the district passes through it commercially, yet the atmosphere which pervades the wine-growing districts of the surrounding Gironde vanishes at the outskirts of the city, and is not to be recaptured there, except in the single corner where Haut Brion brings the vines within sound of the trams.

Nevertheless, the character and flavour of the town of Bordeaux are a necessity, for, without the rationalizing touchstone of its urban-provincial air, the newcomer could be overborne by the mystique of the vine which persists among the vineyards. For this mystique—and it is difficult to rate it lower—is the temper of the wine-growing districts. The suspicion that it is all an elaborate deception is dispelled almost as soon as entertained. There are, indeed, certain mildly deceptive façades erected to take the eye of the visitor and to persuade him into an interest which he might not otherwise feel. On



the other hand, the true character of the wine-country and its people is at once its finest justification and its most artless side.

It is, I am convinced, its genuine profundity and its extreme complexity which have mitigated against any completely satisfying study of the wine country of France ever having been written. To write a pleasantly chatty 'travel' book of the vineyards is relatively simple to anyone experienced in topographical description ; to write a pastoral study of the workers there is not beyond the compass of the adequate country writer ; to examine the wines from the point of view of the connoisseur, or of the *châteaux* from the viewpoint of the architect or the historian is, again, limited only by the amount of work the expert writer is prepared to spend on his task. But, every one of these aspects must contribute to the full study of the vineyards, since they are all essential ingredients of the life. Moreover, they must be fused not only with the highly complicated technical and commercial sides of the business, but also with the unique but barely analysable mental attitude which exists in the vicinity of the great vineyards. Such a study calls for a blend of the scholar, the novelist and the native of wine-country such as literature has not yet contained.

If any attempt is to be made to present the vines and wines of Bordeaux, it must illuminate surfaces on many different levels of thought, for while complicated matters of fact can be presented straightforwardly enough, they must, for the English-speaking world, be related to their general setting. Such a work must be a huge one ; the present essay can only hint at its scope.

The visitor leaving Bordeaux to drive to the wine-*châteaux* has at once to make two major adjustments. The first is in respect of the Bordeaux wine-*châteaux* themselves. In the English countryside, a great residence every two or three miles is a generous allowance. Through the Médoc in particular, however, one may quite frequently see some five or six *châteaux* within comfortable sight. Secondly, an adjustment has to be made as to the extent of named wines. To have dined in a first-class English hotel is to have seen a wine list bearing, perhaps, the names of some twenty Bordeaux wines. Now to find several hundred names on bottles of genuine worth is to begin to take the fairest long view of the claret industry. Yet, simultaneously, it must be borne in mind that about one tenth of French wine bears the name of its vineyard, while the remainder, at best, goes under the name of its district, even though, as may well be the case, much of it is sound wine.

To tour the Gironde district is to take a journey through vineyard after vineyard, and to bring back an impression of the immense extent of the area under vines. Alternatively, one may visit a single *château* and, there, move from the broadest outline to the smallest

detail of the growth of the vine and the production of wine. Any attempt at compromise between these two extremes brings the realization that both types of visit are necessary for any real understanding, and that the study demands a capacity for absorbing facts, theories and impressions topographical, geographical, historical and agricultural, as well as a thousand conflicting points of viticultural method.

To a far greater extent than in English farming, the active co-operation and goodwill of the wine-grower is a necessary adjunct to even the barest study of French wine. The knowledgeable agriculturist in England can walk to the side of a roadside field, crumble the soil between his fingers, calculate the quality of the soil and the fertilizer used and, with a glance at the crop, assess reasonably accurately the quality and the methods of the farmer and the standing of his crops. One cannot, however, gauge the quality of a wine by such methods. The handling of the soil does no more than confirm the fact that the finest grapes grow on land virtually too poor—in its sandy or gravelly character—to produce any other worth-while crop. Next, while the experienced eye will assess the age of the immediate vines, there is no certainty that their grapes will in fact provide any important part of the vineyard's current output ; particularly this is the case if the vines are very old or very young.

Finally—and perhaps this is at once the most revealing and the most baffling part of the vast puzzle of wines—it is difficult to believe, after travelling the vineyards, that the grapes themselves are more than one among many almost equally important factors deciding the final quality of a wine. This statement, of course, needs qualification, but not *essential* qualification. That is to say, among the good wine-making grapes of a particular region, there is little to suggest that such wide differences exist between the qualities of the various grape crops as between the wines made from them. Thus, we may walk along one of the narrow paths which alone separate one vineyard from another, and observe apparently similar grapes—certainly of identical species and the same age—growing in roughly the same condition on either side of the path. These, on the one hand may be the fruit which produces a wine famous throughout the drinking world, its label a gastronomic guarantee. Thence it is difficult to realize that these similar, neighbour grapes are pressed to a wine so undistinguished that it has no local name of its own but is sold merely as “Bordeaux”—the lowest level in the order of the region's wines.

Whole books have been devoted to the subject of how wine is made. In fact, it can be told in one sentence—in so far as constants are concerned. As soon as the writer departs from constants, ten books are not enough. Basically it is true to say that the grapes are taken from the vine, that their juice is extracted and allowed



to ferment and that it is then barrelled and later bottled. Apart from this process, it would probably be true to say that in the many hundreds of wine-making establishments of the Gironde, no two follow an identical course, or achieve an identical result, in any given year.

The average French *vigneron* will explain his technique—not, perhaps, to the last detailed trick of the trade but at least fairly extensively—and then in three *chais* within a mile of the teller's, you may find different and absolute contradictions of his methods.

Let us examine something of the passage of the grape from the vine to the bottle, and observe the factors which govern its development. First of all, we shall need to know who controls the *château* and the wine-making. Is there a resident owner and, if so, is he an expert and, if so, is he an expert in the field or in the *chai*—or both? If he is not an expert, is he struggling to learn and making mistakes, or has he an expert in his employ? If the latter—which will also apply if the owner is not resident—in which direction does the expert's own interest lie—in the production of vast quantities of wine or in improvement of quality? Will his failure—particularly in a bad year—be understood, or must he return a profit at all costs? Again, if the owner is a visitor only to the *château*, does he take over at the time of the *vendange* and, if so, does he do so with an adequate background of knowledge of his own, or on good advice?

This may appear a complicated approach to so elementary a matter as the ownership of a *château*, but it has strict bearing on the aim of any particular *vendange* and, hence, with the methods adopted and the wine produced.

Recall that many of the greatest wines—each with its own distinctive, even unique, character—come from vineyards a mere two or three miles apart, and it will be appreciated that there are basic differences which will produce, over the entire district, a variation between wine and wine which is quite distinct, even to the non-expert, in comparative tasting. These differences derive, in the first place, from the soil, then from the type of grape used and, thirdly, from the rate of replacement of vines, the age to which they will be allowed to produce grapes before they are replaced by new and, at first, unproductive vines—and by whether the ground is allowed a fallow period.

The grapes at different vineyards are gathered at varying stages of ripeness between peak juice-content and that mouldy-raisin-like state which, at Château Yquem, is exhibited as “*la pourriture noble*”—the noble rot. Every *vigneron* has his own idea of the exact state at which his grapes should be gathered. Once that is decided, the speed at which they are gathered is dictated by the amount of labour available in the shape of *vendangeurs*, and also by the weather, which

may hasten the gathering by threats of rain or, by actual rainfall, inflict a waiting period, the duration of which is, again, a matter for the *vigneron* himself to decide.

Gathering is, of course, not uniform : at Yquem, the grapes are detached one by one from the stems ; in most vineyards, however, they are gathered by the bunch. Local policy and the quality of overseeing will decide whether they are hastily and roughly gathered, or handled with care—and also the extent to which grapes which fall short of the local ideal of pressable state, shall be included. Again, the labour available and the capacity of the *chai* will decide the time over which the picking is spread and, hence, the variation in the juice-content and sugar-content between early and later pressings. Thereafter, the number of vats available is an important factor in the decision as to whether pressings likely—through the state of the grapes or the weather—to produce a different standard of wine are mixed together, and if, for instance, the wine of the young grapes is kept apart from that of the mature growth.

Throughout the entire process, the often conflicting aims of quality and quantity decide many points. For instance, how many pressings shall there be and, if more than one, shall the wine of the subsequent pressings be added to the first or not ? Once in vat, temperature, humidity, sugar-content and intensity of pressing will produce a fermentation-period not always to be foretold even by the most expert. Here, too, there is variation in the degree of use of sulphur salts to combat alien bacterial growth and the employment of yeast cultures to aid fermentation.

The complexities of the manufacture and preparation of barrels, the sulphur cleansing and hot water cleaning are, from time to time, sufficient to convince the newcomer that they are an all-important factor, whose effects may be altered by the minutest inflections of rigid rules : thus, one is amazed to find, at the next cellar, a completely fresh set of rules.

Through the wine country, however, one finds two inflexible rules as to wine in barrel. The first is the high standard of cleanliness observed, especially in respect of the bungs—many of which are made of glass to facilitate cleansing in the early cellar period. The second is that, after wine for tasting has been drawn from the barrel by means of the cellarman's pipette, put into the glass and tasted, the undrunk wine left in the glass is replaced in the barrel for, it is courteously explained, no germs can live in wine.

For the rest, the wine in barrel lives different lives in different cellars. Not only do the fining agents vary—fish scales, white of egg, glue, gelatine, clay, isinglass—but cellar standards are by no means constant. In one, stalactites hang from dripping walls and the *propriétaire* boasts of the fine effect upon his wine of this humidity :



at the next, dusty cobwebs hang from sand-dry walls and the belief is expressed that cellars must be bone dry. At a famous show-piece *château*, with its electric candles and modern antiquities, one could suspect that the dramatically draped cobwebs which occurred at regular intervals along the otherwise spotless cellar walls, were ingeniously manufactured cobwebs, only recently hung.

The number of barrels and cellar-labour available dictates the speed and frequency with which the vital space between the 'losing' wine and its bung is refilled with wine through the early stage of barrelling. The wine's progress, economic demand and the supply of bottles all have effect upon the point at which it is bottled. Many considerations conflict in the decision as to whether the wine shall be '*mis en bouteilles au château*', or bottled locally, shipped in barrel or mixed with another wine, and whether it is given the name of its vineyard, its commune or its region.

These variations are, certainly part of the mystery of the vintage, part of the fascination of wine. They make it appear remarkable that any two Bordeaux wines are ever even remotely similar, yet they all have that Bordeaux character which the expert's palate distinguishes even as it observes the particular quality of the vineyard. That his palate does distinguish differences between extremely similar wines is not to be doubted. This fact is frequently challenged when in truth, the fallacy which should be challenged is that which credits expert taste to roughly a hundred times as many persons as really possess it.

The true experts are the men who live with wine. Many of them rigidly abstain from smoking because they accept the sacrifice as part of the bargain by which they taste wine more fully and more subtly than those who smoke. Tobacco is a general enjoyment which they are not prepared to dispute, but they account themselves fortunate that the trade which they follow provides them with a greater pleasure.

The genuine wine-*châtelain* of the wine-growing district—if one may venture upon a generalization about so large and, obviously, so varied a community—is a wine-enthusiast. If he were anything less, he would not embrace so risky a profession—except in the few cases of the wealthy dabbler prepared to pay for his losses in return for the pleasant life of the *château*. On average, a single decade gives a vineyard one great year, one good one and, perhaps, two fair ones but, even then, the wine of all four saleable years will not necessarily age well. Recent years have been immensely rich for the wine-growers of Bordeaux. 1947 was a great year, 1945 only a little less good, 1948 and 1949 were above average and 1950 promised well both in quantity and quality. Human memory cannot recall so fine a run of vintages in such a short period. For the vintners, however, this is not, immediately, an unmixed blessing, for storage, bottling,

prices, exchange and currency difficulties, all present acute complications of his major problem—which is that of selling wine to cover running-costs.

Wine in his cellar allows the *châtelain* to entertain lavishly at his own table, and to no class anywhere in the world is that power a greater delight. It allows him also, to make those presents of wine to other *château*-proprietors which are both an established courtesy and the reason for the variety of wines at *château* tables. On the other hand, wine in the cellar meets neither wages bills, household expenses nor taxes. In such circumstances as exist at the moment, the *vignerons* may well be wondering if this, the most lavish blessing of good vintages in their history is, in fact, so desirable as the rarer good year. In the year of poor vintages, the stored wines of greater years command prices high enough to contribute towards making good the bad year. A succession of good years, however, tends to keep prices down. Thus, many have kept the wine of 1945—rich in achievement and promise—against its rising value with increasing age. But, 1947, two years younger, is generally accepted as a greater wine. Moreover, if both 1945 and 1947 maintain their high price-places, 1948 and 1949—both good wines—must sell more cheaply. 1950 has not yet come to any authoritative judgment but it is certain that, if it is as good as expected, then it, too, becomes a lever to be used against the values of the four older wines.

Yet, while one rarely hears wine-merchants discuss wine without reference to prices, I have never yet heard a *vigneron* so much as mention the price of wine. Their talk of wine is an eternal 'shop' which is concerned far more with their life than with their living. Their life passes from vine to bottle without diminution—or indeed change—of attitude. The *châtelain* takes his glass, looks at the wine against the light, savours its bouquet, tastes it. Then, appreciatively, "Margaux—1934". That is sufficient. Everyone of his acquaintance knows the characteristics of the Margaux wine, and everyone knows exactly how the summer of that great vintage year impressed itself upon that basic character. Thus, any further remark as to body, strength, suppleness, bouquet, is superfluous. Places, *châteaux* and dates are the mental shorthand of a lore which is so extensive in its ramifications that few men in the world can compass it all. Yet its emanations are in all the air of each autumn's *vendange*, in the hospitality which makes the proffering of wine a courtesy the *châtelain* will not forgo. Only the most insensitive visitor could fail to recognize the gift of a *vigneron's* wine as something far more, in the estimation of the giver, than mere proffering of refreshment.

Therein, the man who produces wine feels the truth about it. It is, in fact, more than mere refreshment. The culture of the vine and the making of wine are sciences—not sciences which may be



reduced to invariable and foolproof formulae, but sciences flexible, in experienced hands, to defend themselves against the weather and all the enemies of the grape and its juice. The distinguishing of different qualities as between wine and wine is often ridiculed—yet it is borne out in the hardest of all spheres—that of buying and selling—to the extent of making the price of a specific wine eight times that of one produced only a few yards away.

The attraction of the lore, tradition, craft, humanity, of wine growing, the hierarchy of the classification of the Médoc wines is great—but it is also fraught with a considerable danger to those of other nations than the French. The wine snob is a product of enthusiasm. His interest in labels, *châteaux* and years and, particularly, with their translation into terms of the palate is apt, however, to rob him of pleasure. Thus in his devotion to named, and, particularly, to *château*-bottled wines, he frequently deprives himself—as no Frenchman, however wealthy in bottles and knowledge of wine does—of the simple pleasure of humbly nameless but eminently drinkable French table-wines. Simultaneously, the wine-snob tends to discredit wine in the eyes of those who know his subject less well than they know the connoisseur himself. Possibly the great tragedy of French wine in England and America is the establishment of wine-drinking, in the public consciousness, as a wealthy and socially upper-class habit. Yet, three or four people may take with dinner a bottle of ordinary table-wine—roughly nine-tenths of France's wine-production—as cheaply as they might with beer.

It would, obviously, be an affectation to suggest that tradition, skill, mystery and fellowship can be tasted in a glass of wine but it is, I fancy, not extravagant to suggest that Bordeaux wine—even in the relative anonymity of a simple "Bordeaux" label—has a background which heightens appreciation of the eminently civilized pleasure of taking wine with a meal.

## ASPECTS OF JAMES JOYCE

BY AIDAN HIGGINS

FIFTY-ONE years ago, a long, devout, carefully-written essay on Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken* first appeared in THE FORTNIGHTLY. Reading it, one would hardly guess that its author was but eighteen years old : it was signed James A. Joyce. Fifty-one years ago James Augustine Joyce was a thin, myopic student in University College, Dublin ; already the possessor of an unusual assurance and a disproportionately fierce intellectual pugnacity. What part of him has he left behind in two large books, two small ones, and a play ? To-day, most of us, when we think of Joyce, think of *Ulysses*. But where in that muddle of contradictory humours will we ever find him ? We should go back, perhaps, and consider a person of that name born in Dublin on February 2, 1882, who wrote a few autobiographical novels, and died on January 13, 1941. And one could dismiss James Joyce like that—in a few lines ; the dead are in our power and, in one way or another, we are never fair to them. Well, let us try now to be fair to Joyce.

### I.

One remembers him as an apocalyptical, half-blind little person ; the possessor of a fantastic humour and a unique, coruscating imagination ; a great hater too, and a power with rich, blistering sarcasm, who reminded one somehow of an infuriated hobgoblin. Whoever knew him as he lived and wrote, or heard him—as I heard him—speaking calmly and somewhat eerily in his sibilant other-worldly voice ; with his outrageous Dublin accent rr-rolling the r's like a wind in the trees, or listened to the immense assurance behind the weird enunciation, could ever doubt that he was indeed a real manifestation of the wary old fairy who lives (or used to live) knowledgeably and alone, at the far end of every sensible person's garden.

From the start Joyce had been fortunate in realizing that creative talent was a formal vocation—like the priesthood. Something that must be rigorously prepared for, self-achieved, that could never be an apocalypse. He worked very hard at being a writer all his life and from an early age insulated himself against all possible harmful human contacts (“ Isolation is the first principle of artistic economy”)



that threatened to employ his sympathies. Then the lack of parental understanding—"an abyss of fortune or of temperament sundered" him from them—was driving him back upon himself, back towards Mercedes. And Joyce, in the only way that matters for an artist, was lucky in this. Because, with the particular intensity that one might search for one's own mother, was he compelled to search that cold real world for the "unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld." And this image was always feminine; once, as I have said, it was Mercedes. In this context Joyce could fairly be accused of avarice of the emotions himself. Because on the brink of every intimacy from *Dubliners* on to the later Stephen Dedalus his puppets are made to withdraw, and to listen to the "strange impersonal voice" which they always recognized as their own, "insisting on the soul's incurable loneliness. We cannot give ourselves, it said: we are our own."

Then again the younger Stephen of *Stephen Hero*, on the steps of a tram with Emma Clery, saw her urge her vanities "and knew he had yielded to them a thousand times." And then, in *Exiles*, there is a recurring phrase—from Duns Scotus, he *thought*: "And she may yield to you at last, wholly and many times. You may then know in soul and body, and in a hundred forms, and ever restlessly, what some old theologian called a death of the spirit." In Joyce's opinion, you can see, "a death of the spirit" was the penalty of wholehearted submission of this kind. And that was the last disloyalty to one's vocation, and one's art.

Shortly after his article had appeared in *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, the young Joyce wrote to Ibsen: "When I spoke of you in debating societies . . . I enforced attention by no idle ranting." Nor was this a pose; he took great precautions against emotions that might eventually deceive him. (Stephen in *Ulysses*, we read, "never durst laugh too open by reason of a strange humour which he would not betray.") He was an idealist in the sense that idealism is romanticism gone sour.

## II

Most aesthetes, just because they happen to deal in metaphysics, consider that justification enough for theorizing up in the air. Wilde, who was notoriously addicted to polemics, spoke for them all when he declared:

There are two worlds. One exists and is never talked about: it is called the real world because there is no need to talk about it in order to see it. The other is the world of art: one must talk about that otherwise it would not exist . . .

The conflict with form need not be spoken of, but must be taken for

granted. The real struggle goes on beyond that ; whose roots have to deal with time, for art is no less a conflict with selection than it is with time, and achievement as much the successful outcome of a war against time as it is against form. The writer's difficulty is not in nicely selecting the correct immediate things from a multitude of static variations, but rather in grabbing the best he can as the escalator is remorselessly carrying him away from them all forever. For a work of art, in Hugo Münsterberg's words :

. . . may and must start from something which awakens in us the interests of reality and which contains traits of reality, and to that extent it cannot avoid imitation. But it becomes art in so far as it overcomes reality, stops imitating and leaves the imitated reality behind it. The work of art shows us the things and events complete in themselves, freed from all connections which lead beyond their own limits, that is, in perfect isolation . . .

And *Ulysses*, though it may move with the clock and the Liffey tide, yet remains a finite experience in itself, and is a sop to all sorts of experience by virtue of being a dam against the one kind of time—which is, in Plato's phrase, the moving image of eternity. It is possible that we admire Walter Pater, not so much for his exquisite prose, but rather because he had endured against time. Because what the "hard, gem-like flame" must have feared was dimming, growing old. And transience will always be the knife that sharpens the point of art, beyond the urge for perfectability of form. We can waive all reducing to formula or feeling for form before passion, because these are the accessories of artifice; but passion has to do with time, and time will compromise with nobody. They said Yeats kept both his wisdom and his passion to the end. And Paul Cézanne, for example, saw ordinary kitchen chairs with passion. So Joyce, we should say, in the end, put all his patience (*vide* the Grant Richards controversy over *Dubliners*) into his life, and all his passion (*vide Ulysses*) into his art. And for that we shall always be in his debt.

### III

James Joyce was a disfranchised elf : there was a combination of T. S. Eliot and John Steinbeck conditioned by Grundyism, which made him a severe dog-in-the-manger ; by Thomas Aquinas, who made him strict and logical ; by Ibsen, who made him a ferocious iconoclast ; by the "subversive writers", who, doubtless, made some impression on him ; by the mere fact of being a Celt, which possibly gave him his high-fantastical humour ; and, paradoxically enough, by his purblindness, which made him see things about twice as clearly as a person with normal eyesight. This, then, is the person we have to contend with : a man who, to celebrate his fortieth



birthday, published his masterpiece, a highly-combustible novel of immense proportions which had taken some seven years to complete. Misrepresented though it has been for too long, I do not intend to write of *Ulysses*, because the book itself is there to be read. What ought to be discovered is its tone—what Joyce would call the “temper” it was written in.

At the outset it should be made clear that *Ulysses* was written by James Joyce—not, as some would have you believe, by Stephen Dedalus. Stephen, I should imagine, was Joyce’s antic disposition. Now there are various reasons to back this conservative view. If Stephen were really Joyce—and, therefore, the author of *Ulysses*—it would not then be amiss to accuse the same Joyce of sexual-pathological tendencies pointing towards religious or, more explicitly, perverse search to discover how far a woman was buried in every nun—a criminal libel no less forthright by making Stephen and Bloom the dual nature of the one author, as anyone who remembers the Circe episode can tell. Then again Stephen would be congenitally incapable of creating the older Dedalus who is sympathetically observed (“A father”, Stephen said, battling against hopelessness, “is a necessary evil”); the only kind of patrimony he ever inherited from his father being his surname. And, lastly, there was the discrepancy of age. Joyce was 34 years old when he published *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and 40 when *Ulysses* appeared: while Stephen was never older than 22. Joyce (even with the best intentions of doing so) was not going to write, think or behave as a 22-year-old would. (Oddly enough, it had taken him exactly 22 years to complete Stephen.) Stephen, after all, was created as a symbol of something, although of precisely what we can only guess. Perhaps of the dog-in-the-manger agnosticism of the west, or of the chaos of free-thought. But James Joyce was not a symbol of anything, he was just a civilized, thinking man. Though this, curiously enough, was what his detractors would never grant.

It is sad that the book should be praised by people who do not understand it, but it is much worse that it should be despised by people who have never read it. It has been written on—or about—ever since it first appeared in 1922. It has been belittled all along, and mostly by little people. In the face of their probable ignorance of the text, and in the teeth of T. S. Eliot’s challenge that, perhaps, it should be considered as an epic, they keep on insisting that Joyce had failed, that the stream-of-consciousness technique could not come off when levelled *that* intently at living people. But I cannot help imagining that they had not really heard the logic of *Ulysses* or, perhaps, that they had heard it only as a charivari. For how else, confronted with it, could they still insist that such an achievement was an impossibility? All one can say is that one

agrees or that one disagrees. But to question its undoubted power ; or the validity of the means to attain it ; or even the *use* of such forthrightness, is as futile an occupation as complaining about the rain.

In Ireland, of course, where it is read least of all, it can be said to inspire either a loathing based on the tentative assumption that the thing is even now a posthumous and particular obscenity from Paris from the black sheep of the family—a sort of apotheosis to those fiery pamphlets Joyce, in his heyday, used to like depositing on the doorsteps of his numerous enemies—or, with the type known as “a solid (Dublin?) man, with his two feet on the ground” (as if there were a positive virtue in being mundane), a vague wonder.

It cannot be denied that the Irish have a case against him. The vaunted mainstream of high European culture which with *Ulysses* he joined, had eddies and currents which flowed back, for the first time, over Ireland ; and the ratiocinations of liberty of thought (not always commendable) came in on every tide. Their own gentle Yeats, shut in on the long miserable winters of the west, they knew had yearned for the return of the irrational. But Joyce knew the uselessness of these tears ; he had known all along that regurgitation was a hygienic, not an artistic, process. But those who lived in the past heard, in *Ulysses*, the echoes of guttural rumblings from certain vast unprincipled men who, long ago, had resisted all bans on their wild minds, and who had gone on resisting ever since. The most frightening thing about the book was the lack of protection it afforded. These people thought they could hear in it the menace and echo of riot and blasphemy and heresy down the centuries, from the decisive split first opened by Luther nailing his thesis on a church door and that had been most recently tampered with on the advent of Sigmund Freud.

But the ictus of *Ulysses* is death and loneliness, leave-taking and funerals (not yet “funferall”) ; Stephen’s mother is “beastly dead”, and he is torn between spontaneous natural feelings (“Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart”) and the old uncompromising renunciation of practically everything. (“No mother, let me be and let me live.”) Bloom’s wife Marion, still ignored by him, is inevitably drawn on to yet another of her infidelities ; which, at length, only succeeds in revolting her ; while her husband goes on fruitlessly searching, by the remains of yet another grave, for his long-lost son.

#### IV

The most misleading defence of *Ulysses* was that of Judge Woolsey ; of the undeniable trend of pruriency in the novel he said that “the



locale was Irish, and the season Spring." Quite a long time after Harry Levin corrected this when he wrote that *Ulysses* was conceived less in the spirit of Irish renaissance than of European decadence; Old Ireland evidently being considered expendable. Which astutely, it is to be hoped, put a stop to a great deal of serious, futile and noisy barking up wrong trees. For Joyce, in the end, had not been sorry to leave Dublin, or Ireland.

He was preoccupied with that city because, to him, it was symptomatic of a country already stiffening with paralysis (Joyce found something Irish in Ancona—in its "bleak gaunt beggarly ugliness"), and with its inhibited "muddle class" who had entrusted "its morality to policemen and its fine arts to impresarios", because he knew both thoroughly, without reservations and from the beginning; about whom he never had to theorize—and always with the chance of guessing wrong because he was a Dubliner himself, in the sense that he had been born there. ("Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves.") But, I think, hardly in a more involved sense ("I, a changeling"). He found in characters like little Alf Bergan, who died recently, the last and most articulate of the natural poets. The Dubliners themselves were Joyce's dramatic relief. He found in them a ready-made, bitter antithesis between the images of imagination and gaiety in their ordinary talk, existing in defiance of the innate cruelty of life (and Joyce had never found it easy) and the rest of the hard realities of existence: and he counterpointed effectively that freedom with the older and more brutal forms that were always there; the satyriasis half-hidden with an amiable leer. The intuitive awareness of this freezing barrenness was expressed for Joyce as "a cold, loveless lust." And that is the debt Joyce owes Dublin.

Though if he felt anything for the Irish beyond that purely professional interest it was, in all probability, a mild contempt. ("I suspect," Stephen interrupted, "that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me.") And, had they really understood him, it would be difficult indeed to visualize what the Irish might have felt for him, whose blasphemy had always hit them so hard. He had insulted their most cherished shibboleths in his lifetime, and even after death had not left off aggravating them: surely doing the exact opposite of whatever dying-for-me-country actually entails. He had always sneered at chauvinism; and a positive excess of that, among the Irishery, had always been considered a grand cardinal virtue. ("Sinn fein! says the citizen. "Sinn fein amahain! The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us.")

So all those factors went into the making of *Ulysses*: his fierce objection to evasion of any sort; his determination to 'epiphanize' at all costs; his moral apprenticeship to Ibsen; his own unique

fervour, all together smashed enthusiastically into this, his greatest achievement, tearing down a lot of thin, but discreet partitions ; indeed he was accused—as Swift had been accused before—of carrying the rational criticism of values to a point where it almost threatened to destroy the very reason for living. (It is, for instance, putting rather a strain on one's sympathy when we realize that Bloom's daughter owes her conception to the inspired example of two dogs copulating on the street below.) And, from what one can overhear in his last mammoth work, one might be reminded of an old adage of Auguste Comte's, or that the malady of the west was a continual revolt against human antecedents. That, or of a witticism of Balzac's about never laying a finger on idols, as some of the gilt was bound to come off.

Joyce had already wrecked a lot of contemporary complacency in *Ulysses* : in *Finnegans Wake* he turned to the old National Heroes, and left off at last when he had shown that they, like most statues, were hollow inside. Indeed, he liked to point out that the Vatican itself was " full of master-plasters."

But to be out of sympathy with Joyce, seeing in *Ulysses* nothing but " a uselessly unreadable *Blue Book* . . . an epical forged cheque on the public for his own private profit" ; or, on attempting *Finnegans Wake*, to be out of patience with him, deeming him to be a male version of Gertrude Stein with maybe *some* of the stops in, is neither fair to Joyce himself nor, as it happens, to his detractors. And with this—if only they would look further—even they might, in time, be forced to agree.



## CORRESPONDENCE

To The Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY

### GIBRALTAR : THE SPANISH CASE

Sir,

My attention has been drawn to a statement in an article by Professor W. C. Atkinson, entitled "Gibraltar : the Spanish case", in the February issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY. The writer states that : "The Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar is still the official head of Spanish Protestantism." May I state that in the whole of the existence of the Diocese of Gibraltar, which was founded over 100 years ago, no Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar has ever accepted such responsibility ? The history of the Diocese of Gibraltar, written by Dr. H. J. C. Knight (S.P.C.K., 1917) goes thoroughly into the question of whether or not the Anglican Diocese of Gibraltar should associate itself with the work of the Spanish Reformed Church, and Bishop Charles Waldegrave Sandford (1874-1903) laid down as a policy that the Diocese would not take any part in the affairs of Spanish Protestants, that is to say by holding confirmations, or ordinations, or services in the Spanish language. As a result, our churches in Spain are solely for English-speaking people, and no proselytism takes place.

If the author of the article would elaborate his statement, and show in what way he considers that I or my predecessors are in any way connected with the activities of Spanish Protestants, I should be glad to know what these are.

Gibraltar Diocesan Office,  
London, S.W.1.

Yours faithfully,  
DOUGLAS GIBRALTAR.

*Professor Atkinson writes :* I am much indebted to the Bishop of Gibraltar for his courteous explanation of the position. My article was limited to a simple *exposé*, without criticism, of the Spanish case as it is currently presented in Spain, and the statement in question may be found, together with a reference to Dr. Knight's book, on p. 115 of José de Areilza and Fernando Castiella's *Reivindicaciones de España* (2nd edition, Madrid, 1941). The misconception is easily, if unwittingly, fostered. In reporting the Bishop's enthronement at Gibraltar on November 1, 1947, *The Times* correspondent there referred to his see as "extending from Lisbon to the Caspian Sea" ; and in the same journal (issue of April 15, 1950) the Bishop's announcement of the appointment of a new Archdeacon of Gibraltar was followed by the statement that "Canon Johnston's area will comprise Gibraltar and all the Anglican congregations in Spain, Portugal, and Madeira, which were recently added to this diocese, which extends from the Atlantic to the Caspian."

# THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

## DOSTOEVSKY AND THE SLAVIC IDEA

BY R. D. CHARQUES

There is, I imagine, a slight shock of dismay in store for the reader in this country who, acquainted with Dostoevsky only as a novelist and perhaps only through his principal novels, takes up these two volumes.\* Dostoevsky produced a great deal of journalism at various times and was always inclined to assume portentous and even godlike airs as a publicist. It was his experience as a journalist which facilitated the serial publication of *The Idiot* and *The Possessed* and which visibly sharpened his normal exaggeration of style all through the work of his final and greatest period. The Slavophil and right-wing commentator contending with the tide of Russian—and European—liberalism is much more apparent, indeed, in the four great novels than the foreign reader commonly suspects. At any rate, what is most formless and diffuse in them clearly derives in part, though in part only, from journalistic habit. In 1861, with the assistance of his brother Mikhail, Dostoevsky had started *Vremya* (*Time*), continued to edit it until its suppression—the result of an official blunder or misunderstanding—a couple of years later, then sought to revive it under the title of *Epokha* (*The Epoch*), failed, gone bankrupt, wrestled with his creditors and fled abroad. On his return to Russia he accepted in 1873 the editorship of the weekly *Grazhdanin* (*The Citizen*), to which he contributed regular instalments of *The Diary of a Writer*. Three years later he himself undertook publication of the *Diary*, which appeared during 1876-77 in monthly parts and was very widely read. Illness and other and more momentous causes then produced a three-year hiatus, during which he resumed the plan of the *Life of a Great Sinner*, written years earlier, and brought *The*

*Brothers Karamazov* to completion, but there was a further single issue of *The Diary of a Writer* for each of the years 1880 and 1881, in which latter year Dostoevsky died.

Fragments of "literature" in the *Diary*—notably the three short stories, "Bobok", "A Gentle Heart" and "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man", which are so unexpectedly embedded in its indigestible crust of polemical words—have been reproduced in more than one English version, and have a recognized place in the created world of Dostoevsky's imagination. But precisely for whose sake the whole work has now been done into English is something of a mystery. There are, of course, more people of Russian descent in the United States, where these volumes originated, than in this country, and interest in nineteenth-century Russian attitudes and modes of thought is no doubt more widespread there than here. Apart, however, from amateur biographers of Dostoevsky—a relatively numerous company, it is true—what sort of persons, one wonders, American or English, who are unable to turn to the original are likely at the present time to plough through the 1,000 pages of this translation? Let me be quite clear. For the serious student of things Russian, of the Russian past and therefore of the present, as well as for those who write about Dostoevsky, this graceless rag-bag of commentary, exhortation, autobiography, oracular soliloquy, literary criticism, rash and long-winded historical generalization and the rest is genuinely and now and then deeply illuminating. The fact remains that, the stories in it and the famous Pushkin address excepted, the *Diary* is all but unreadable to-day.

Almost the worst thing in the present instance, moreover, is that the volumes

\*The *Diary of a Writer*, by F. M. Dostoevsky. Translated and annotated by Boris Brasol. Cassell. 2 Volumes. 50s.



represent a shockingly bad job of editorial presentation. Dostoevsky's style in exposition or argument is slovenly, wordy, often trivial and nearly always maddeningly discursive, but this does not excuse the very poor quality and—judging by a brief sampling—the very many inaccuracies of the translation. The volumes are introduced by the briefest and most rhetorical of prefaces, in which the editor contrives to say quite a number of rather foolish or fantastic things; the moral halo he casts round Dostoevsky's head is particularly absurd. There are no explanatory notes where notes are most needed. Instead there is at the end of the second volume a series of potted little biographies of the most elementary kind, not seldom faulty in the translation of titles and conspicuously inconsistent in the transliteration of Russian names.

In spite of all this, let me commend the volumes to anyone who is still unaware of the historical antecedents of Russian messianism in the Soviet Union to-day. In the great debate in nineteenth-century Russia between westerners and Slavophiles Dostoevsky maintained a position that was both muddled and contradictory and that has yet proved the most potent leaven of all in the transition of "the Slavic idea" from Orthodoxy to Communism. In Orthodoxy Dostoevsky saw not only the spiritual communion of the Slav world, not only "the real Russian socialism," but the solution, as he put it, of European and human destinies—universal communion in the name of Christ. It was liberal and atheistic presumption on the part of England, France or Germany to identify themselves with "civilization". Because she alone knew true spirituality,

Russia will prove stronger than any nation in Europe. This will come to pass because all great powers in Europe will be destroyed, for the simple reason that they will be worn out and undermined by the unsatisfied democratic tendencies of an enormous part of their lower-class subjects—proletarians and paupers. In Russia this cannot happen: our demos is content . . . Therefore there

will remain on the continent but one colossus—Russia.

It is this conviction—spiritual conviction, if you like—of Russia's destiny which is the endlessly recurring theme of *The Diary of a Writer*. Mixed up with it are all sorts of virulent and nagging protestations, of characteristically large and half-formed doctrines and prophecies. "I believe that the main and most fundamental spiritual quest of the Russian people is their craving for suffering—perpetual and unquenchable suffering—everywhere and in everything." Both before and during the war with Turkey, "Constantinople must be ours"—that, too, is the Russian mission. In 1881 Russia's civilizing mission has spread from Europe to Asia and all that is necessary is to make a start: build only two railways, the one to Siberia and the other to Central Asia—"and at once you will see the consequences." Not crude pan-Slavism but the mysticism of the Slavic idea, as Dostoevsky preached it, has helped to transform the power of Orthodoxy into the authority of Russian Communism.

---

**THE LIFE OF JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES**, by R. F. Harrod. *Macmillan*. 25s.

**KEYNES'S GENERAL THEORY**, by A. C. Pigou. *Macmillan*. 6s.

Mr. Harrod's 650-page biography of J. M. Keynes does not allow of an unqualified judgment. In many respects, it is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of Keynes's personality, his times, his intellectual and social background. The last four chapters of the book contain a great deal of hitherto unpublished material on Britain's economic policy during the years 1939-1946. They reveal many significant aspects of the Bretton Woods and American loan negotiations and, for that reason alone, deserve to be studied very closely.

Yet the qualities of the book seem largely offset by a number of defects. For some of them it would be unfair

to hold the biographer responsible ; for others he cannot escape all blame. Chief among the latter is his style : melodramatic, overcharged with emotion to a degree that would not be surprising in certain Sunday papers, but which seems strangely out of place in a book that is quite clearly a Third Programme subject addressed to a Third Programme public. On page 575, for instance, the reader will find a description of Lord and Lady Keynes travelling to the United States on the *Queen Mary* in 1943 which is a particularly striking, but alas by no means isolated example of that kind of writing or overwriting. Mr. Harrod should manfully use the blue pencil at such spots before authorizing reprints of his book.

To judge from his Preface, the author seems to have feared "mistakes of emphasis in regard to economic theory or historical events, through lack of sufficient perspective." Yet, he is on safe ground when he deals with Keynes's contributions to economic theory and in particular, his *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. There are so many aspects to Keynes's "new economics" that Mr. Harrod's interpretation of the Keynesian system can not claim to be exclusive of others, equally possible. But his is no doubt one that will be read with interest even though one may not necessarily accept the view that to-day, Keynes's doctrine, correctly applied, would point "towards economy and a cutting down of all inessential investment programmes" (p. 462). A great deal depends on the interpretation of the word "inessential". Mr. Harrod's own ideas of essential investment appear somewhat narrow, far too narrow for a British economy still not fully abreast of foreign competition (*vide* his pamphlet "Are these Hardships Necessary?" published in 1947).

There is more ground for Mr. Harrod's fear of insufficient perspective in his treatment of historical events and his presentation of Keynes as maker and

shaper of economic policy. In considering Keynes's contributions to economic theory, Mr. Harrod uses his critical judgment ; in dealing with the maker of economic policy, he paints a picture of Keynes in the style of de Lászlo. But whatever de Lászlo's merits as a portrait painter, unflattering fidelity was not one of them. As I have had occasion to point out in these columns, Keynes's incursions into the field of economic policy have not always been happy. If he was frequently right in his judgment of events, he also committed a number of major mistakes, unavoidable perhaps in the conditions of the times, but mistakes none the less. It is somewhat difficult to believe that Keynes, essentially an opportunist in matters of economic policy, would have held the same dogmatic views on multilateral trade as Mr. Harrod himself. Keynes had veered from free trade to protectionism and back to a measure of free trade again. On Mr. Harrod's own showing of Keynes's character, the lessons of Bretton Woods, the American loan and many other events since might have produced another reversal of his attitude. In any case, these events command a re-appraisal of Keynes's rôle as Britain's chief economic adviser during those fateful years. Such a re-appraisal could not, in my view, detract from Keynes's essential greatness. Infallibility is not a human attribute. To admit that Keynes may have erred even on major questions of policy would still not invalidate Mr. Harrod's judgment that "he was one of the greatest Englishmen of his age." It is here that Mr. Harrod's book appears least satisfactory. True, an "official" biographer may be handicapped in his criticism, but one cannot help feeling that Mr. Harrod's own views on economic policy do not predispose him to such a revaluation of Keynes, the political economist.

Professor Pigou's short volume *Keynes's General Theory*, an admirably lucid, if strictly technical *exposé*,



attempts such a revaluation, but the Keynes here considered is solely the theoretician. It is highly significant that Professor Pigou should re-examine and revise his own critical appraisal of Keynes's *General Theory* published in 1935. Not formerly reckoned to be overmuch in sympathy with Keynes's theoretical findings, he goes so far to-day as to blame himself for not having in his original judgment of the *General Theory*, grasped the significance of its fundamental conceptions. As a remarkably concise *résumé* of Keynes's basic assumptions this critical re-examination would be hard to beat.

R. P. SCHWARZ

**INDONESIA**, by P. S. Gerbrandy.  
*Hutchinson.* 18s.

The wartime Prime Minister of the Netherlands introduces his subject with these words: "I have to write of a great calamity, of great unwisdom, of a catalogue of errors, of . . . personal ambitions and the deprivation of my country of an essential, nay a vital, part of its being under pressure exercised by Britain, the United States and U.N.O." He declares that the Indies "were and remain in essence an extension of the metropolitan Netherlands in Europe and of its economy, its enterprise, indeed of all its intrinsics" and flatly denies that the Dutch were usurpers there: "We made the Indies." Constitutionally, the archipelago formed an integral part of the kingdom of the Netherlands and it is the unconstitutional manoeuvring that led to the dismemberment of that kingdom which forms the main object of the book's attack.

After reviewing conditions under the Dutch, 'the rule of law', Professor Gerbrandy describes the rise of Soekarno and Hatta *via* collaboration with the Japanese (illustrated by damning photographs) and demonstrates effectively that the 'republic' was a Japanese time-bomb cunningly laid to thwart the west. We have Soekarno's: "We will smash the English with a

crowbar and flatten out the Americans" and Hatta's: "Japan's precepts are known to all of us and we have made them the basis of our own action to secure independence for Indonesia." To such figures the Dutch were 'persuaded' by UNO to hand over authority—in the name of freedom and democracy.

Of the fatal rôle played by the British after the Japanese surrender, we read: "They seemed more concerned with appeasing the rebels than honouring their obligations to the Netherlands." Of the Americans: they "played their cards in a manner which must have delighted the Kremlin." Of the Security Council: "Few, if any, of the members had any knowledge or understanding of the peoples of the Indies, nor indeed any real interest."

But it is the Dutch politicians who come in for the sharpest castigation. Even Professor Gerbrandy admits that the republicans were "possessed of an idea" and "constant in their faith." Matched against this fanaticism, vacillation at the Hague was doomed to end in capitulation. Not one of the post-war Dutch Governments showed the courage of convictions; indeed they seemed to have no convictions whatsoever, being more concerned with party politics than with the welfare of the kingdom and of the Indonesian peoples. During five years of continual reversals of policy only one Cabinet Minister, Sassen, had the grace to resign.

All in all it makes a sordid story, but one which should be compulsory reading for all those gullible souls who believe that freedom has been served in Indonesia and all those dangerous idealists who only degrade democracy by handing it over to ruthless political adventurers. What has happened in Indonesia means certain decline for the Netherlands. For Indonesians it means government by a self-appointed clique; for thousands of them it means at this very moment murder and chaos and the burning of their homes. As

for the west, in general : the worst is probably still to come.

J. T. BROCKWAY

**NEWMAN'S UNIVERSITY : Idea and Reality**, by Fergal McGrath. *Longmans*. 30s.

Although this book makes a brave defence of its usefulness, the Catholic university in Dublin must be judged a conspicuous failure. It gained no size, rising little beyond 100 students, and vanished before it had gathered reputation. To those ignorant of the facts, it might seem that while Newman could write a fine book about universities he was not the man to create one. Father McGrath's careful scholarship makes it impossible to hold such a view. Newman himself bears hardly any responsibility for the failure of the Catholic university, and the whole blame must rest with Ireland's circumstances and Irish bishops.

The reason for the university's existence were the three "godless colleges" of Belfast, Galway and Cork established by the Government of the United Kingdom to provide Ireland with higher education outside Protestant Trinity College. These three Queen's Colleges were religiously neutral, and for strict Catholics, which on this point many Irish were not, education without religion was not education. On instructions from Rome therefore a Catholic university was established, with Newman in 1851 appointed its first rector. He was governed by a committee of bishops, who were able to agree neither among themselves nor with him as to what a university should be. The university had no charter and so could not award degrees; secondary schools in Ireland were few and bad and so the recruiting ground for students was poor; Newman got extremely little help from England. Combined with an obvious lack of money, these factors brought about failure.

Newman himself did well. He complains more than once that he is not

a "ruler", and the author inclines to think that he was not a perfect administrator, but little evidence in the book supports the opinion. Newman's professors were devoted to him—there is no instance given of any friction—and his constant suggestion that a lay element should be brought into the university government and given responsibility for finances was intensely practical. It is true that he was not the man to recommend the university to Ireland. He was an Englishman and therefore suspect to many, and a man of the utmost refinement and civilization, and therefore out of place in the Ireland of that period.

Father McGrath has written a work that will stand the test of time, but it will be a little too much for the general reader. It is a close diplomatic history of Newman's struggle to realize *The Idea of a University* (which he delivered as lectures to introduce himself to Dublin in 1852). Even so, some pleasant pictures are tucked away in its pages—Newman, the rector, carving himself for 30 students; allowing his young men, in the Oxford way, freedom to hunt, but becoming concerned when they frequented a billiard saloon; being strongly averse to the appearance of ladies at lectures: and being rather a snob. Father McGrath tries to protect him from this last charge, but who can read "I ought to be very thankful at the style of youths I have got,—the French Vicomte, the Irish Baronet, and our own Lord R. Kerr" without feeling its justice?

WALTER JAMES

**FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER**, by Paul Blanshard. *Secker & Warburg*. 16s.

**THE CHURCH IN THE PURPOSE OF GOD**, by Oliver S. Tomkins. *S.C.M. Press*. 2s. 6d.

The first book was originally published in and for the U.S. under the title of *American Freedom*, and beyond an opening statement that this is a British problem too, remains



wholly concentrated on its American aspect. The author is concerned to reveal and denounce what he regards as the growing menace of the Roman Church to the democratic ideas and ways of America and therefore of other similar democracies, for the Roman methods of exercising power and pressure are the same everywhere. He professes no hostility to the faith of that Church, nor to the rank and file of its members; his attack is wholly on the ruthless dictatorship enforced by its hierarchy, and he would claim that his attitude is not anti-Christian but solely anti-clerical.

As such, he makes good his case. It is fact that the layman—let alone the laywoman—has no voice whatever in any aspect of the policy and government of the Roman Church; nor indeed have the ordinary priests nor the multitude of devoted Religious. All decisions are taken by the appropriate college, or congregation, in Rome and are issued as inexorable fiat by an infallible Pope. The faithful are not only indoctrinated but kept unspotted from the world by being segregated into every sort of club, association and league of their own, parallel to many existing ones: the whole set-up is one used by the hierarchy to use heavy and often effective pressure at various points in public life enumerated in detail—education, marriage and sex, press censorship, elections—in a completely undemocratic manner and in a measure out of all proportion to the number of Roman Catholics in the States.

This, says Paul Blanshard, is a real menace to the democratic way of life, making his case thoroughly but without the bitterness which too often (almost invariably on our continent) mars anti-clerical writings of this kind. It is not too much to say that of his whole indictment, some 300 pages, there is very little which could be effectively answered on its own level; indeed, although the work is presumably on the Index, it may be doubted if Rome

would trouble to answer it. Rome has never professed to be a democracy ruled by round-table conferences, but a divine institution founded by Christ—not Christ a teacher, as Mr. Blanshard seems to regard him, but God Incarnate—whose Vicar on earth, the Pope, has claimed and exercised an unquestionable authority for long ages before the decree of 1870 proclaimed it formally. That the human agency of this divine foundation does come under the corrupting influence of power (as does a modern democracy, including the American!) is admitted privately by many devout Romans, some of them eminent. Mr. Blanshard does not show why these, and many more by no means unenlightened people remain faithful to their Church; and his indictment would gain, not lose, in force if he appreciated the immense good done by the Roman Church under that same hierarchy.

Also, however justified Mr. Blanshard's accusations of gross abuse of power by Rome in some directions, the non-Catholic Christian reader would be interested, maybe even relieved, to know what is his conception of the rôle of the whole Church (not merely the Roman) in the world; the reader may be forgiven if, by implication and for lack of evidence to the contrary, he thinks Mr. Blanshard conceives it as that of a benevolent Yes-woman endorsing all the latest findings—and fashions—of medicine, sociology and psychiatry. To repudiate authoritarianism is one thing; to assume the whole Christian Church can abdicate all authority specifically its own is quite another.

The Assembly of the World Council of Churches held in Amsterdam in 1948 is to be succeeded by a Conference on Faith and Order at Lund, in Sweden, in 1952, whose special concern will be the Reunion of the Churches. Mr. Tomkins's *The Church in the Purpose of God*, which he modestly describes as a pamphlet, is designed to help and equip those taking an interest in this gigantic and arduous question whether going to Lund or not. Though of value to

any interested reader, it has been deliberately designed as a basis for collective thinking and discussion in groups; and as such it is quite excellent. There is no need to specify here its various subjects and headings, but mention must be made of two admirable features. It begins by defining the sense in which various terms, such as Catholic, Protestant, Church, Churches, Reunion, will be used in this booklet (an example which might well be followed for many another kind of conference), and it ends by drawing attention to what it calls, and too often are, "Forgotten Factors": race, past and present history, conceptions of the State, varieties of ethical judgment, and the like. There is also an extensive and well-chosen bibliography. A good tool for its job.

JOHN HALET

**CHURCH RELATIONS IN ENGLAND.** The Report of Conversations between Representatives of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Representatives of the Evangelical Free Churches in England. *S.P.C.K.* 2s. 6d.

This is clearly a document of first-class importance. It is important, primarily of course to the Churches, Established and Free, with whose relations it is immediately concerned; but also, only a degree less, to the large numbers of people not formally attached to any religious denomination. For the Churches still have a sufficiently large influence on national life for their findings to be a matter of major moment to all of us.

The conversations herein reported were the outcome of the sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Cambridge in November 1946 setting out his own views on the possibilities of closer relationship between the Churches. But the sermon and the subsequent conversations were themselves only the latest steps in negotiations which had been proceeding since the Lambeth Conference of 1920. Some

account of the intervening steps and the text of the sermon are given in the opening paragraphs of the Report.

Each critical reader will find something or other in the Report to occasion surprise or disagreement, all the more so because there has been no shirking of practical difficulties. The place of the Episcopate in any system of Church union, the ministry of women, the varying interpretations of the Eucharist: these dividing questions were discussed freely and frankly.

A reader may be forgiven if he feels some doubt about the representative character of members of the conference, that is, about their competence to speak authoritatively for their respective denominations. But whatever the individual's hesitations about certain points at issue, the document as a whole deserves a careful reading. The members of the conference have evidently worked with unanimity of purpose and in harmonious good-will. This fact is more important than any particular finding in the Report and must surely bring them nearer to their goal.

At the same time it needs to be made clear that the conference was not concerned with anything in the nature of bargaining. The measure of success which it achieved was made possible by the strictly defined task set for it, expressed thus:

We have not been conducting negotiations or attempting to draw up any scheme or schemes for reunion or intercommunion. Our task has been to discuss the implications of the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermon and to report on what in our judgment would be involved in any attempt to give effect to the suggestions contained (in) it. It will be for the Churches to decide whether as a result of our work they shall enter upon the stage of definite negotiations.

The Report deserves to be known widely among thoughtful people not in order that its conclusions may be accepted as they stand but because the information it contains cannot but be a stimulus to further efforts to solve the problems of Church relations.

S. REED BRETT



IN THE DAYS OF THE JANIS-  
SARIES, by Alexander Pallis.  
*Hutchinson.* 18s.

BY EASTERN WINDOWS, by  
William H. McDougall, Jr. *Barker.*  
12s. 6d.

A melancholy point about these two books is that man's inhumanity to man appears to have become considerably worse in our time than what it was in previous centuries. *By Eastern Windows* is an account by an American journalist of prisoners-of-war camps in Sumatra in the 1939-1945 war, while Mr. Pallis's book gives us a picture of the five centuries, from 1326 onwards, of Turkish life.

No doubt a Turkish Sultan could behave outrageously as when Murat IV, because the ground near him was struck by lightning while he was reading a satirical poem, hurled the book into the sea and ordered that its author should forthwith be strangled. But there was a good deal in the Turk of those days that we can admire, as can be seen in the fascinating quotations from Evliyá Chelebi's *Travel-Book* which form the basis of Mr. Pallis's volume. In the Turkey of those days the punishment was made to fit the crime; among the numerous illustrations from Turkish manuscripts, many of them hitherto unpublished, we are given one of a shopkeeper who, having been caught cheating, is smeared with honey and then plastered with feathers. Japanese justice in the recent war was more uncertain: Mr. McDougall tells us of two groups of survivors from a shipwreck. The entire first group was slaughtered out of hand, three women meeting their death by being bayoneted through their breasts, while the second group was treated, says Mr. McDougall, in much the same fashion as the Japanese had behaved to him in other days, for: "In their own country, where I worked before the war, I never experienced an unkindness or a discourtesy." Why had there been this difference made between the two groups? "Inexplicable Japanese,"

says Mr. McDougall.

We may also be tempted to apply this epithet to the Turks of Evliyá's day, for while the Koran prohibits the consumption of wine and strong liquor generally, yet an important source of revenue for the State came from the numerous taverns which were not by any means frequented solely by non-Moslems. "Although," says Evliyá, "wine is prohibited by the Sacred Law of Islam, there be certain philosophers who give to this accursed beverage the name of 'Second Soul'." He was himself also a non-smoker, for although smoking had already become a common habit among Turks, tobacco had been placed for a time by the religious authorities on the prohibited list. He likewise assures us that he was not, like so many other Moslems in Turkey and the Arab countries, a drug-addict. "The only drug," he writes, "I have ever tasted in my life is that of sweet kisses."

Let us be grateful to Mr. Pallis, whose erudition is conveyed most charmingly—there cannot be many other Greek diplomats who have tarried to such good effect in the treasure-house of Turkish literature, nor many of his colleagues at Eton and Balliol with so urbane a command of English. It is delightful to wander with him and Evliyá through page after enchanted page. Here indeed we have the natural corollary to the celebrated Chapter 68 of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

The misery to which this non-combatant Mr. McDougall was reduced can be seen from a remark of his at Christmas time in the dreadful dysentery ward: "We'll really celebrate," he said. "We'll use a match." Breakfast consisted of a tasteless porridge known as ongel-ongel, made of a potato-like vegetable. When cold it hardened to a rubbery gelatine, which looked so much like a poultice that when the author tried it on the festering hands of a Frenchman it was quite effective, for in two days those hands became white, but the blisters had

been drawn.

One of the wisest prisoners—"a magnificent old boy whom I will call Hamilcar"—occupied himself with catching sparrows in the hospital garden. "Keeps me from going crazy" he said, "and besides, I need the meat." By the way, talking of gardens, let me complete the story of the man who left his glass eye on a shelf, telling his native workmen that it would watch them and report to him. In a rubber plantation this plan went very well for a time and when the supply of rubber fell off it was found that a large leaf had been placed in front of the eye.

HENRY BAERLEIN

H. G. WELLS, by Vincent Brome.  
*Longmans.* 15s.

Some of the criticism which has been directed against Mr. Brome's biography seems rather unnecessary. After all, one cannot expect an adequate life of Wells until his private papers are made available. All that can be done at present is to compile a record of his public life, together with as much private information as his writings reveal or his family and friends can be persuaded to tell. And in this, on the whole, Mr. Brome has succeeded, though with gaps and with some serious blemishes in judgment. It seems of little value, for instance, to give some 30 pages to Wells's sex-life, when this has to be supported largely by facts which must not yet be explained in full or by hints which are not yet corroborated.

Again, by basing his work on the *Experiment in Autobiography*, Mr. Brome has accepted too uncritically Wells's own view of himself. He concurs, for instance, in depreciating and almost ignoring that "religious" escapade represented by *The Soul of a Bishop* and *God, the Invisible King*. Now it is true that in this period Wells wrote and said nothing of any consequence about religion, but the blurred, glowing self-deception helps one to understand his interest in what Mr. Brome wittily

calls "the scientific occult." It helps also to explain how in his great projects for world order, such as the Open Conspiracy, he came to trust in what one might describe as missionary cells, the heaven of rationalism, the Holy Ghost of Evolution. Wells, for all his intelligence and shrewdness, was not far removed from that sort of superstition which always arises at a time of the breaking-down of faith. He was the medicine man of materialism.

But perhaps the most remarkable revelation of this book is the contrast between his vision of a clear, calm, ordered Utopia, and the hilarious tangle and jangle of his private life. It was, no doubt, the same vitality which produced both, yet peace among the nations is hardly possible if there is to be tumult, jealousy, impatience and anger among the people who make up those nations. To Wells it seemed that in tackling war, economics and education he was going to the centre of the problem. In fact he was going to the periphery—the centre remained unchanged.

Yet while this unchanged centre corrupted his plans and prophecies, it gave to his life and work the chaotic gusto which makes him at once so mistaken and so right, so culpable and so lovable. And this book captures something of that gusto. It is a slap-dash work, but since the brush has been dipped in Wells's own paint-pot, the slaps and the dashes are often very entertaining. It fails to give a coherent and comprehensible portrait of Wells, but one feels that he himself would have liked its stubborn optimism and its biased argumentativeness. It is, in fact, rather the sort of book he might have asked for. But it is not the book he deserves.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

THE LIGHTED CITIES, by Ernest Frost. *John Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.

THE PASSIONATE NORTH, by William Sansom. *The Hogarth Press.* 8s. 6d.

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, by



Elizabeth Goudge. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.

To observe of *The Lighted Cities* that it exemplifies a whole class of modern fiction is to intend no disparagement of what is, after all, a more than commonly perceptive piece of writing. It is, indeed, a feature of the novels of this class that they rise always above the mediocre: that they are written with care and honesty and a passionate respect for the English language. In their taste and disciplined feeling they often suggest finely the experience of sensitive men and women; for it is with these, with 'personal relations', that they mainly concern themselves. And yet as often as not one is aware of a deficiency, a want of force; there is the outward sign but seldom the substance of achievement. Does this spring perhaps from an uncertainty of the constitution of life, peculiar to the dissatisfactions of our time? Or is it simply that these practitioners of the art of the novel are too conscious that it is indeed an art?

Whatever the cause of the general failing, its effect is to detract from the reality of the issues involved. Those presented in *The Lighted Cities* stem chiefly from the personality of Andreas Amanis, an art historian and university lecturer. With him the desire for power is gratified by an ascendancy over the minds and wills of his younger acquaintances. One of these, an aspiring composer, he entices from his allegiance to an old music-master, now fallen on days of poverty and ill-health. Under his malicious tutelage the young man turns against his former patron, whose life is made barren and hopeless by the loss. This central relationship is better conveyed than those others to which it gives rise, notably the love affair between the novelist, Bernard Austell, and Amanis's wife. Mr. Frost's gifts as a writer are delicate ones, and their main shortcoming here is the atmosphere they create: an atmosphere so rarefied that it imparts a semblance of caricature to the coarser forms of

life that sometimes intrude. There is an oddly Victorian element in his portrayal of the working-classes, who swear conscientiously whenever they rise to the surface of events. One feels that this author would do better if he were less concerned to write always with distinction.

The transplanting of talent is often a chancy affair, and it has proved so in the case of Mr. William Sansom. *The Passionate North* is at best an imperfect fulfilment of "two distinct literary wishes—to describe a place (travel book) and to tell a story (fiction)." For the emotions it depicts are tourist emotions, with all that that implies of the commonplace and the spurious glamour of the unknown. Seven of these short stories have a Scandinavian setting, while the remaining three belong to the Highlands or the Western Isles; and it is not without significance that the general balance of merit inclines to the latter group. The characterization here, if never profound, has at least a certain native authenticity.

Miss Elizabeth Goudge would also seem to have been moved by a dual intention: to write a Life of Christ that was both a homily and a confession of personal faith. The outcome, in *God So Loved the World*, has the bright falsity of a child's holy picture:

... While their elders were sitting resting in the shade the boys would have run races and climbed trees and played games, and Jesus would have run the fastest and tackled trees that baffled the others, and had brilliant ideas for new and wonderful games. But if he did things always a bit better than they did the other boys would not have disliked him for it, because he never boasted about his exploits . . .

At the level on which it is written *God So Loved the World* is a successful book, and no Christian could fairly quarrel with its aim. But one may question the value of this kind of pious conjecture in regard to the greatest of all mysteries. If history ever has rights in literature it surely has them here; here above all one is concerned with what actually happened.

JOHN EALES



## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

The words of Hamlet's unpleasant uncle must be borrowed this month by a meek reviewer who, contemplating the editor's choice, ruefully asks herself :

And can you, by no drift of circumstance,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion?

For more than usually hard to find, in the tangle of banditry, politics, education, post-Sinister Street, literature-cum-medicine, sunlit beaches, and portraiture, is the right end of the thread.

### Looms of youth

A resort to simple logic at last suggests a beginning with "the shades of the prison-house" in *A MAZE OF SCHOOLS* (*The Bodley Head*. 10s. 6d.). Not that the pupils lost in it were being forearmed to meet life's later relentlessness; Dickin Moore does not claim fact for his people, but these letters of a schoolmaster written from "progressive" establishments remind one irresistibly of the too-good-to-be-true story of a distinguished psychologist's descendants who ran away from one such place because they couldn't stand the lack of discipline. Of course the children in the book behaved as "the Freudian-trained staff" expected them to, and sensitive teacher and layman alike should find themselves reading on and on in a kind of horrified trance, as a tribute to the vividness by which situation, experience and character study are shown with no slackening of understanding or humour. Yet, as one who has taught at private and public schools for many years, the author is able to avoid the fun that runs away with probabilities.

### Growing up

It is probably Michael Meyer's solemnity that runs away with the probabilities in *THE END OF THE CORRIDOR* (*Collins*. 9s. 6d.). His picture of a childhood and adolescence which began in 1915 seen through the eyes of the boy's guardian does not

quite convince. The Oxford friend and memoirist of Sidney Keyes could not actually recall the 1914-1918 years, and his dabs of 'local colour' are sometimes absurd—like the donkey's tail in the blindfold game. They are not inaccurate as such but give the effect of being falsely placed. His: "I lit a cigar" and his: though not a libertine "I have allowed myself an average amount of discreet licence in these matters" are incongruous indicators of period in a book which is in a hurry to get to its real subject. When he forgets, as he does for pages together, all about the guardian's rôle of commentator and lets the boy tell for himself his reactions to the atmosphere of school in work and play the book seems authentic enough, and the teller deserves a hearing. If the homosexual encounter, precisely described, is common to boyhood, that too deserves a hearing. This, then, is a runner-bean of a book; it should have been topped, tailed and sliced. Maybe we have had too many books about school days; maybe Mr. Meyer is too young to write about them now.

### Engaging rascality

There is nothing young—meaning not fully developed—in Aubrey Menen's talent. Young it is in freshness, crisp irony and comic invention. He makes neither facetious nor solemn excursions to the land of improbabilities. He dwells there permanently, and his happenings are so suited to the cleansing bubbles of satire that they emerge as clear and white as truth itself and, it must be confessed, twice as entertaining. The pleasure his first two novels gave is increased by *THE BACKWARD BRIDE: A Sicilian Scherzo* (*Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.). Note the comparatively modest price for a book which sweeps the reader out of Sicily with the bandit Giorgio, his pedantic nephew Aquila and the bride Anisetta, who indeed "typifies the triumph of pure innocence



over portentous nonsense" as the dust-jacket says, for a tour on beautifully-forged passports to the more sophisticated parts of Europe and to its more 'civilized' cults in the person of Professor Lissom and others. How the Ten Commandments are kicked around without even showing a dent is a pleasure for readers that shall be left unmarred by plot-divulging or quotation; the second only by courtesy of heroic self-sacrifice.

### Nazi suicide

And while we are on the subject is the opportunity to be rid of the arch-bandit GOERING (*Odhams*. 12s. 6d.) himself. It speaks praise for the style of the author, Willi Frischauer—which might have been hysterical and is actually restrained, which might have relied on hearsay but kept to the facts of 25 years' research—that all the old fear and disdain of the thug element in dictatorship is roused as one reads. Yet the spoilt child in the Weimar Republic, having climbed on the band-wagon of Hitler—who was quick to make use of his social advantages—remained faithful to the Fuehrer when all was lost. What might have happened to Goering if his first wife had lived is idle speculation now; her influence on him was such that one can only feel sorry for the Emmy who followed in the impossible task of keeping him in order. The absence of an index to such a book will rightly prejudice readers; nevertheless, in this case it means no more than it is—a serious inconvenience for future reference, unless the author feels inclined to remedy the defect in another edition.

### Mr. Mackenzie

Back to a happier sphere and one of those women of destiny in the fiction of Compton Mackenzie. THE ADVENTURES OF SYLVIA SCARLETT (*Macdonald*. 10s. 6d.) comprises *The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett* of 1918 and *Sylvia and Michael*

of the following year. Separately they were impressive, especially as though complete in themselves they were companions to *Sinister Street* because set in the same times from the girl's point of view, and ultimately were to be joined to the third book by matrimony. It would be untrue to say that this combined volume has now been laid bare again entirely but dippings have called up pleasant memories and a resolve to put the book in the niche for prolonged readings in idleness—that is, for love alone. Apparently Mr. Compton Mackenzie writes at great speed, but this subtracts nothing from his enormous staying power or from the respect that is due to his industry. Had he no other qualifications, this alone would surely have made him a writer, or anything else he had chosen to be.

### The art of being kind

Energy yoked to genius is apparent in the next books, biographies both. CHEKHOV (*Allen & Unwin*. 21s.), Ronald Hingley's "critical study", brings out to those who rely on *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Seagull*, *Uncle Vanya* and *The Sisters* for an understanding of the playwright's humanity, how much he had left over for his life and work as a doctor fighting a cholera epidemic or investigating—practically—a ghastly convict settlement or treating generously poor patients who crowded his gate, or as an organizer of famine relief or of his own family on the farm he bought. Believing in goodness he had to love his fellow men, and loving his fellow men he had to do something about their miseries. It was as simple as that to him and modestly, humorously he overworked himself as artist and friend until he went to his death from tuberculosis. Discussions with Gorki and disagreements with Tolstoy are naturally not neglected in this most comprehensive book with its illustrations, bibliography and indexes, one of whose many merits is the dispelling of the misconceptions in the "Chekhov legend".



### Fortunate sitters

The only legend that seems to have grown about Sir Thomas Lawrence since his presidency of the Royal Academy is that he was a flashy flatterer. Douglas Goldring now comes with *REGENCY PORTRAIT PAINTER (Macdonald. 21s.)* to sift the good from the lesser, the magnificent from the tinsellized, and exalts a body of painting, as these 46 illustrations alone could testify, needing no explanations or apology from latter-day arbiters. The author's enthusiasm carries him and us through Lawrence's astonishing childhood, his friendships with his Sovereign and the Siddons family, his particularly "grand tours", and leaves us with the impression of one who "remained loyal, generous, affectionate and unspoiled." All who feel romantic about the Regency period—and who in these days could afford not to be?—will welcome such a detailed mirroring of some of its most iridescent facets here. How the heart once quickened, albeit in the midst of the glories of Rome and Athens to see, and quite unexpectedly, in a darkish corner of an Italian gallery, Lawrence's portrait of George IV literally glowing with colour and exhaling splendour and charm, supplying in fact its own enchanted light.

### Ozone

As the First Gentleman's name will ever be associated with Brighton, this is the appropriate place to note Ruth Manning-Sanders's opinion that he put the town on its feet. In *SEASIDE ENGLAND (Batsford. 15s.)* she has rightly a whole chapter on the fishing village which was one of the pioneers in making the sea popular to walk beside or to bathe in. But Scarborough took the hint first from the inland spas and became the "Queen of Watering-Places" as early as round about 1626 when the spring of russet tincture was discovered to be a cure-all. There is

a fund of information collected here, on dippers and bathing machines and swimmers, on the history of Weymouth and Margate, of Blackpool and Southport, of Bournemouth and Torquay, bound up with their competing attractions. The illustrations are the sort that demand detailed examination for every one of the 69, so much have they to tell us of behaviour and fashion of other days. And the author brings the story up to hikers and Butlinism. Read on a pouring wet Sunday, the book supplied unbroken sunshine.

### No boundaries

But life is real and life is earnest too, and *THE YEAR BOOK OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS 1951 (Stevens. 30s.)*, headed by Sir Alexander Cadogan's "Balance Sheet" on the United Nations, provides much more than a reference book. Student and general reader are encouraged to make their own decisions on such issues as "Human Rights and World Politics" by Andrew Martin, "The Schuman Plan" by Susan Strange, D. H. N. Johnson's " Trusteeship: Theory and Practice", "The Moral Dilemma in Foreign Policy" by Hans J. Morgenthau, and others equally important.—In *Volume I of EUROPEAN ASSEMBLY (Hansard Society. 7s. 6d.)* the scene, not the scope, is brought nearer home. This is the summary of the debates in the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe. Robert Schuman himself is here with Plan, and there are social, cultural, scientific, legal, administrative and economic problems for discussion, with the figures—each one representing a human being—in the debate on refugee questions, making the heart lurch as one reads. This book also, though containing lists of officers, representatives, and an index of the 150 speakers at the Assembly, could be much more than the useful work of reference it manifestly is.

GRACE BANYARD